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For optimists only
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TASCHEN

Winter 2011/12



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Marilyn Monroe
captured by Bert Stern



Read this on your iPad!

Back by popular demand!

THE RETURN OF THE FAULPELZ



Dear Bookworms,

November 2011

We greet you with both sad news and good news.

It is with a heavy heart that we announce the passing of our dear sweet Frenchie, Sans Souci. Just days before her 15th birthday Souci made her way to the big dog house in the sky. Our loyal readers will recall her lovely face from our most recent TASCHEN bags and video cameos. Souci was our joyful muse and adorable mascot, a constant source of inspiration and fun. We miss her deeply. Farewell, you little devil …

… and hello, Faulpelz!
After denying us his perky presence for years, the elusive Faulpelz has emerged from his cave in the Hollywood Hills (where he toils as one of the planet's foremost cultural historians and editor of many a best-selling TASCHEN book). Wide-eyed and bushy-tailed, Faulpelz is ready to "hide and tweet" once again. Fully rested and refreshed, he will take his place behind the scenes and at the heart of the action, demonstrating to our readers—as only the Faulpelz can do—the fearless, fun-driven spirit that makes TASCHEN's crew of editors, researchers and graphic designers a beacon of contemporary culture.
Follow this wily dude and his adventures on our pages and be one of the insiders to take advantage of deep discounts, prizes, and even an opportunity to join Faulpelz in his native Los Angeles habitat for an all-expenses-paid trip. The lucky winners of the first Faulpelzfest are still reminiscing about their fun-filled days discovering the unexpected in the city of the angels.

1



So here's the deal:
Find Faulpelz. He's hidden within the pages of this magazine (sorry, but spotting Faulpelz on page 3 or on the right won't win you anything). When you've discovered him, e-mail the page number to

findfaulpelz@taschen.com

All successful participants are automatically entered in our Faulpelzfest sweepstakes and have the chance to win a well-endowed book voucher that will make their next trip to the TASCHEN store even more pleasurable.

And make sure to follow the further adventures of Faulpelz on Twitter (twitter.com/findfaulpelz), Facebook (facebook.com/findfaulpelz), and on our website.

A recent profile on us that appeared on the website of hip business magazine Fast Company *declared: "The audacity of the TASCHEN brand sets it apart." Well, danke for the flowers! Which we pass on gratefully to you, dear audacious reader, whose irreverent curiosity and dedication to quality keep our creative juices constantly at boiling point.*

Good luck and happy holidays in great company—friends and books.

Peace

Benedikt Taschen

2



4



5

1. *History of Men's Magazines Vol. 2*
2. TASCHEN Fall Magazine, 2002
3. *History of Men's Magazines Vol. 1*
4. *Chinese Propaganda Posters*
5. TASCHEN Spring Magazine, 2003
6. *All-American Ads of the '60s*

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR?

THIS IS WHERE OUR CLEVER FAULPELZ WAS HIDING



3



6

SPOT HIM AND WIN $$$ AND A TICKET FOR THE NEXT FAULPELZFEST IN LOS ANGELES!

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Photo © Inez van Lamsweerde & Vinoodh Matadin

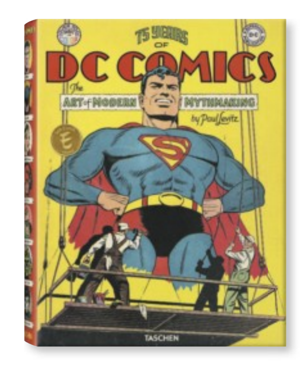
My favorite TASCHEN book is...

Celebrities share their recommendations

Illustrations by Robert Nippoldt and Christine Goppel



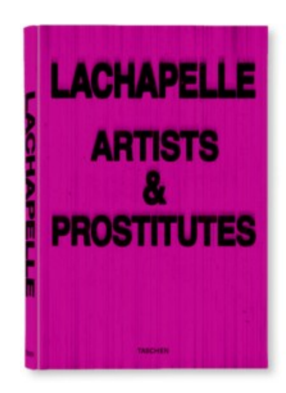
“Almost all the TASCHEN books are things of beauty as well as fine reading. My favorite so far is the large, fantastically illustrated *75 Years of DC Comics* by Paul Levitz, which is both an eye-filling credit to its subject and to its quality-oriented publisher.”





STAN LEE







PAMELA ANDERSON

“Well, as a hard-core romantic I have TASCHEN books scattered all about my homes. They are both a pleasure to read and very decorative. And I love them all. Still, I must confess that my love of the LaChapelles might be the biggest.”

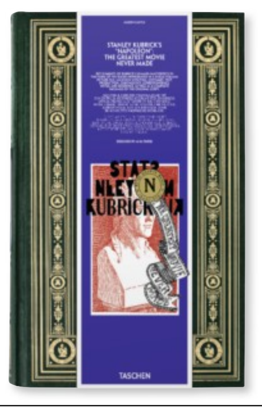


MARIO TESTINO

“TASCHEN for me takes book publishing to another level today. It integrates high quality in their printing and production and context in the themes of their publications. They have a strong sense of ‘the now’ and what is happening. My book of choice is *Kate Moss by Mario Testino.*”







MATTHEW WEINER

"All suspicions of Stanley Kubrick's genius are confirmed when leafing through the book of his unmade movie 'Napoleon'. It's funny, frustrating, and as big and heavy as the film could have been. And I love the book!!!!"

MARC NEWSON

"I love the *The Stanley Kubrick Archives* book. Kubrick has always been a huge influence on me and my work, particularly *2001* (we used screenshots from the final scene of that film as reflections in early renderings of my pieces). The book is really well-designed and thought out, organized like a reference book, which is how I suppose Kubrick himself probably would have done it."



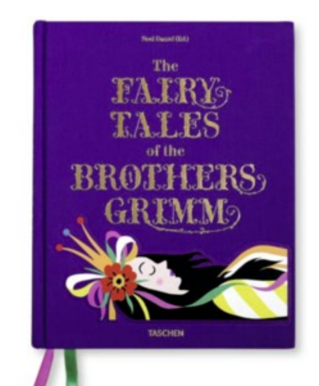




WLADIMIR KLITSCHKO

"*GOAT!*
My life motto—
Float like a butterfly,
sting like a bee!"

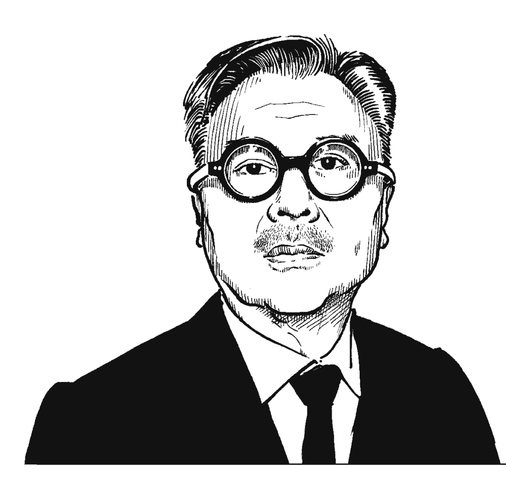




ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

"There are many ways to tell the classic fairy tales, and they're not always so nice. TASCHEN's edition of the Brothers Grimm—bold and beautiful and true to the original—comes along at a good time for my three young children. It is so much fun to read this book out loud. The design is thoughtful. It's not too big and not too small. And, as my oldest daughter said, it's pretty too."





MICHAEL CHOW

"Of all the thousands of iconic books produced by TASCHEN, their greatest accomplishment is photographer Helmut Newton's *SUMO*. The sheer size and scale was an achievement in itself as it is the largest and most expensive book of the 20th century. In order to produce such a book, one needs vision and courage, not to mention the technical side of manufacturing and marketing."



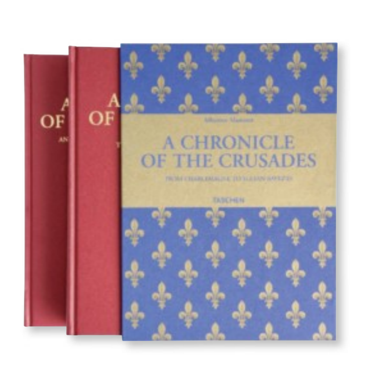




MOBY

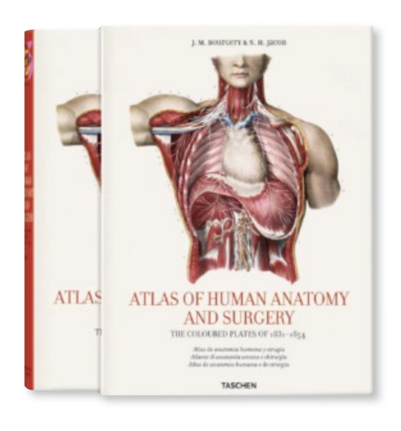
"If I had to pick a favorite TASCHEN book, it would be Tadao Ando's Art Edition. Since there are only 300 of them existing in the world, my runner-up would be anything else by Tadao Ando in the catalogue. I've been an obsessive admirer of Tadao Ando's art and architecture for decades, and the TASCHEN monographs dedicated to his work are remarkable."





WERNER HERZOG

"My favorite among the numerous books by TASCHEN is the facsimile edition of *A Chronicle of the Crusades*. It makes me co-owner of one of the most beautifully illuminated codices of the late Middle Ages. But what makes TASCHEN so stunning: they seem to cover everything from Helmut Newton to the *Circus* and Caravaggio."



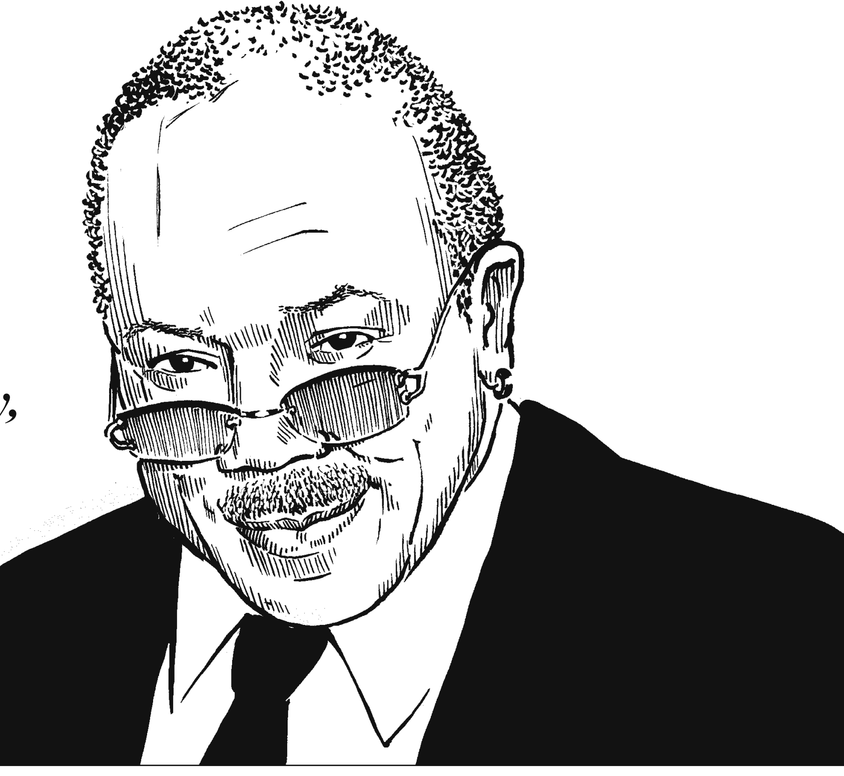
WILL FERRELL

"I love the TASCHEN *Anatomy* book—every day it helps me find parts of my body I didn't know existed."





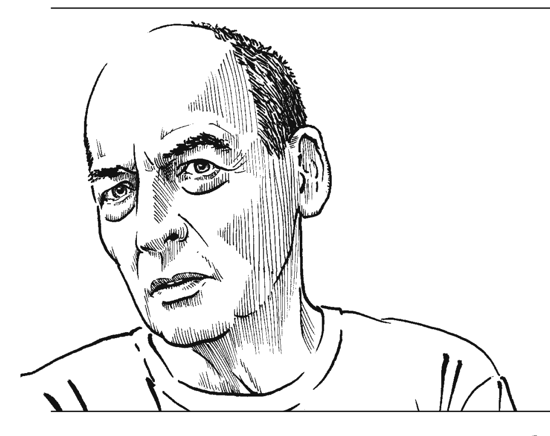
QUINCY JONES

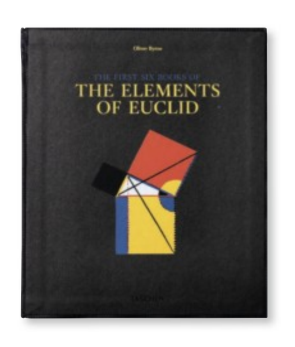


"Looking at *Linda McCartney, Life in Photographs*, it's no wonder passion rhymes with TASCHEN. I have been hooked for years and I am just getting started."

X-MAS ALARM!

Give the VIP in your life a gift from the heart – flowers and champagne are fun, but TASCHEN books are forever.





REM KOOLHAAS

"Impossible to know what is more miraculous: Mondrian as a creative math teacher in 1847 or TASCHEN publishing *Euclid* on geometry in 2010, but this is a profoundly exciting book to (re)appear at this point in the blurry age of the web: lucidity made manifest in language that still dazzles in its clarity 160 years after its initial publication..."



DIANE KEATON

"OK, I'm thinking how do they do it? My latest TASCHEN book, *Menu Design in America* by that amazing Jim Heimann, is just another reason I can't wait to get my hands on their next gorgeous book."

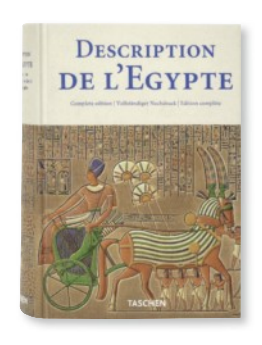






JOHN WATERS

"*The Big Book of Pussy* is the most shocking and beautiful and scary TASCHEN book ever published. Putting it out on your coffee table will demand a startled reaction from even your most blasé visitor."



WALTON FORD

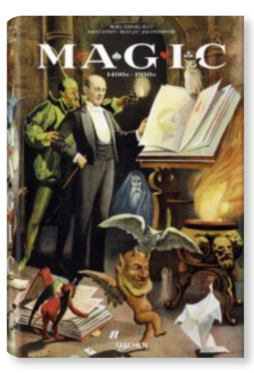
"How do I choose my favorite? I love my *Diego Rivera*, my *Peter Beard*, my *Edward Lear. The Parrots* — but I keep returning to my little chunky TASCHEN edition of *The Description of Egypt*—my copy is really beat up. It's an orientalist visual ravishment."



MOEBIUS

"There are all kinds of publishers. In general, they publish books. Normal!
Benedikt Taschen creates book-objects; always very beautiful. Normal: It's his dream.
This time we move beyond the norm, we enter into magic.
A book, a publisher: We still don't know which dreamed the other."







TADAO ANDO

"Turning the black fabric cover, I found rows of equations and diagrams of primitive geometry continuing across every page of the five-centimeter-thick volume. It is a serious text of mathematics as its title suggests, but to me it is more beautiful than any of the art books that had been on display in that store. What I had found in its pages was definitive proof of the existence of a precious power held by humans that we call Reason."

NAOMI CAMPBELL

"My favorite Book is *GOAT!*
It represents Cassius Clay/Muhammad Ali in every way, giving us great insight into what we have never seen before of one the most amazing boxers in history, as well as peacemaker and hostage-deal breaker!"



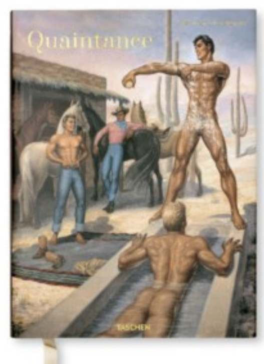




PHILIPPE STARCK

"Rauch is so rare that this book is the only opportunity to go deeply on his crazy soul and the pages are so big that you can cut one, hang it on the wall of your imaginary museum and believe it is yours."







DAVID LACHAPELLE

"WOW!! I love this new *Quaintance* book. It's very beautiful. Bravo!"

And now it's our turn

Check out some of our favorite titles of all time on the following pages: true classics of the TASCHEN spirit.

"... an unabashed autobiography and a fascinating, witty and sophisticated scrapbook that adds up to Hef's most personal portrait."

—*Playboy*, New York

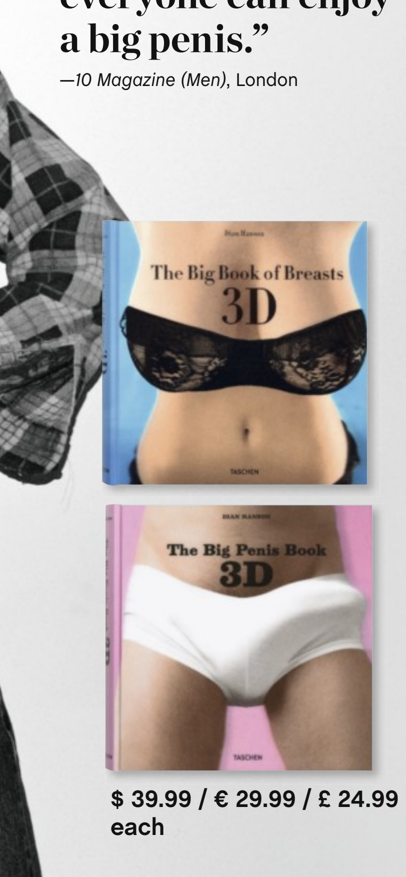
Hugh Hefner and Benedikt Taschen, 2009
Photo: Elayne Lodge

Limited edition
$ 1,300 / € 1,000 / £ 900

Terry Richardson and Benedikt Taschen, 2010
Photo: © Terry Richardson

"Now, thanks to TASCHEN and the advent of 3-D, everyone can enjoy a big penis."

—*10 Magazine (Men)*, London



$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99 each



Bill Claxton and
Benedikt Taschen, 2000
Photo: June Newton

“*Jazzlife* is surely the most thorough and imaginative visual record of American jazz at mid-century that we’ll ever see.”

—*Newsweek*, New York

$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

Muhammad Ali and
Benedikt Taschen, 2004
Photo: Howard Bingham

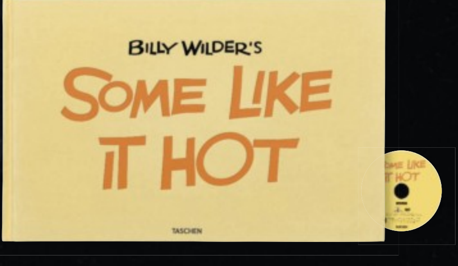
“In *GOAT* the artisan’s pride and skill worked with full force in shaping the life of Muhammad Ali. It would be at home in a museum of art.”

—*Hank Kaplan*

$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99

“A Wilder gift you couldn’t find for film fans.”

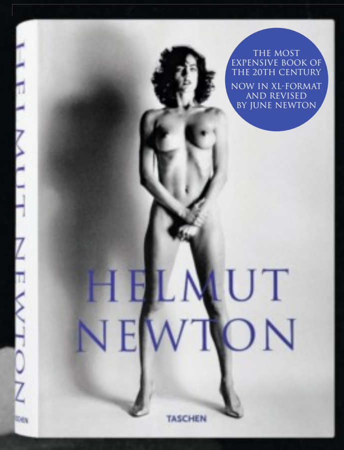
—*USA Today*



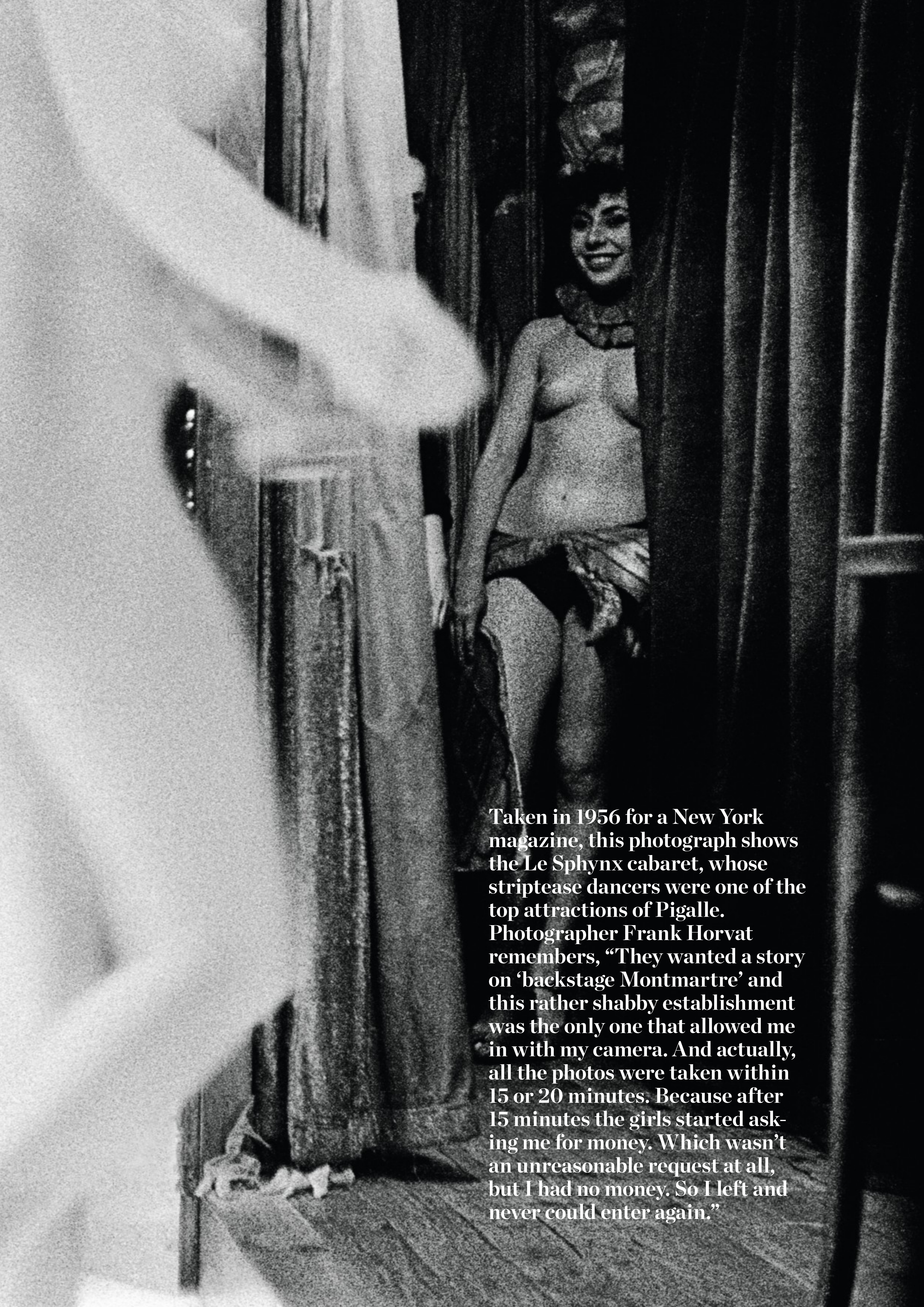
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99

Billy Wilder and Helmut Newton with
Benedikt Taschen at the Chemosphere
House, Hollywood, 1999
Photo: June Newton


"You will
own a piece of
art history."
—Quintessentially, London


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TASCHEN


L’air de Paris
The vivid history of the capital of love and photography



Taken in 1956 for a New York magazine, this photograph shows the Le Sphynx cabaret, whose striptease dancers were one of the top attractions of Pigalle. Photographer Frank Horvat remembers, "They wanted a story on 'backstage Montmartre' and this rather shabby establishment was the only one that allowed me in with my camera. And actually, all the photos were taken within 15 or 20 minutes. Because after 15 minutes the girls started asking me for money. Which wasn't an unreasonable request at all, but I had no money. So I left and never could enter again."


DUFAYEL
GRANDS MAGASINS
DUFAYEL
MOBILIERS
PAR
MILLIERS
MOULIN ROUGE
ADMINISTRATIONS
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700 MAGASINS
HIPPIQUE
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MUSIC-HALL
ENTRÉE
MOULIN-ROUGE
LA REVUE
CACHE
TON NU!
ENTRÉE
DE LA
LOCATION
LOCATION
QUADRILLE
GRAND BAL

Previous spread: Frank Horvat, *Cabaret Le Sphynx*, 1956

Opposite: Stéphane Passet, *The Moulin Rouge*, 1914. This cabaret founded in 1889 was popular with people of all classes. It was here, on Boulevard de Clichy, that the "quadrille naturaliste" was launched. Star performers of this dance, better known as the French cancan, included La Goulue, Grille d'Égout, Nini Pattes-en-l'air, and Jane Avril

Right: Léon Gimpel, *The first international exhibition of air transport at the Grand Palais*, 1909

Bottom: Anon., the Parc du Champ-de-Mars, Exposition Universelle of 1878. The Palais du Champ-de-Mars and the head of the Statue of Liberty by the sculptor Bartholdi, 1878



In my mind Paris was the center of the world. What was interesting about the streets of Paris back then was the potentiality. The possibility of meeting exciting people, of coming in contact with them. Today this doesn't exist any more. There was a lot of wit in cities like Paris, Berlin, or New York, much more than in smaller towns. I mean, the situation in the '50s and '60s was still that people would come to a city with big hopes and dreams they thought of fulfilling there. In the case of me, a young man from Italy, the main dream was about meeting beautiful women and girls.

—Frank Horvat





When you frequented the legendary left-bank *cafés* and *brasseries* of the period—Le Flore, Les Deux Magots, La Coupole—you really looked at people there and sometimes talked with them. While now you just pass them, and they all pass each other. For many centuries, the city has been a place where people met, and the years when I photographed in Paris were the years when this still happened. If TASCHEN makes a book now about Paris or Berlin–and I have great admiration for those books, they are very beautiful, very well-done—it is because people still have this legend in mind, that a great city is a place where you meet fascinating people. And of course this is why they buy the book: They want to have at least the book when they can't have it any more in reality.

—Frank Horvat

Above: Brassaï, *La Môme Bijou.* At the Bar de La Lune in Montmartre. "This seventy-year–old prostitute who answers to the name of 'Bijou' and who seems to have come straight out of one of Baudelaire's nightmares, is famous in the clubs of Montmartre." [...] (Brassaï, *Paris by Night*, 1934). "Her bosom was covered with an incredible quantity of jewellery: brooches, lavaliers, chokers, clips, chains—a veritable Christmas tree of garlands, of glittering stars! And rings! She wore more than a dozen [...] I was struck by this fantastic apparition that had sprung up out of the night, like an entomologist by a rare and monstrously beautiful insect. I had discovered what had to be the queen of Montmartre's nocturnal fauna." (Brassaï, *The Secret Paris of the 30's*, 1976), 1932

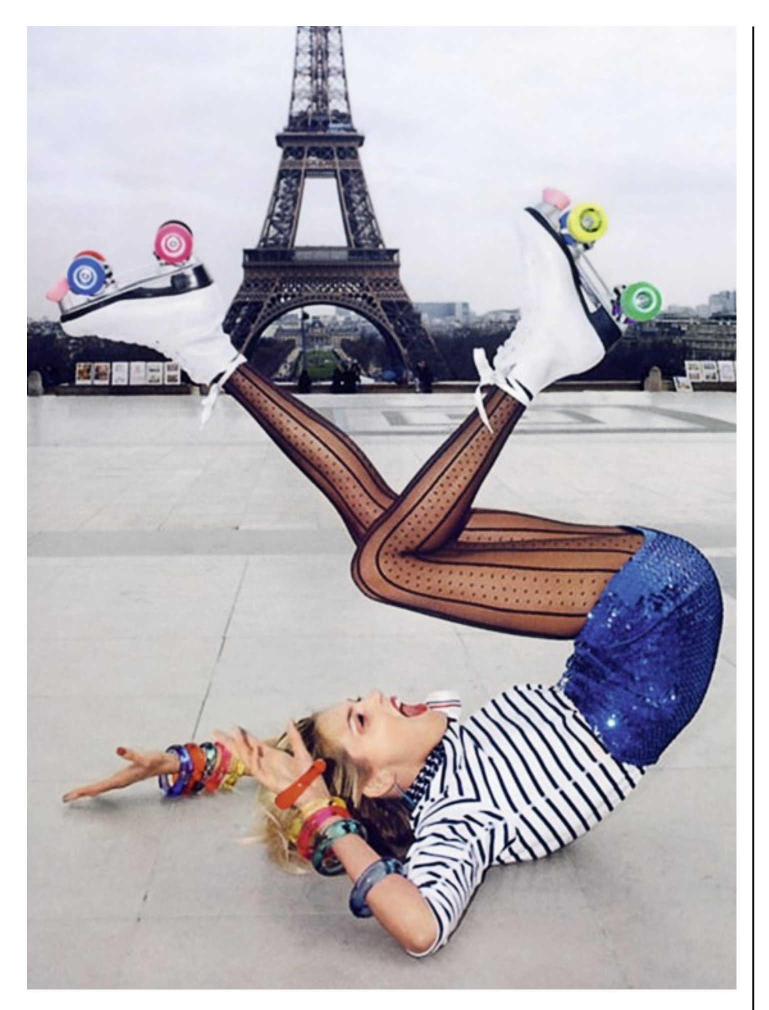
Right: André Zucca, *Boulevard de Clichy* (18th arr.) on the corner of rues Puget and Lepic. Note the sandwich man with an advertisement for *La Ville dorée*, the first German film in color to be released in France in 1942, a year before the famous *Fantastic Adventures of Baron Münchhausen*, 1942

Opposite: Lee Miller, *Paris in the snow*, January 1945









From *chic* to *choc*: the real Paris, past and present

- **A huge and unique photographic study of Paris featuring over 150 celebrated photographers, including Daguerre, Marville, Atget, Lartigue, Brassaï, Kertész, Ronis, Doisneau, Cartier-Bresson, Horvat, Newton, and many more**
- **More than 600 iconic images of the history of Paris, sourced from dozens of archives and private collections**
- **Also included: an index of photographers' biographies**

Jean Claude Gautrand (b. 1932) is one of France's most distinguished experts on photography. An active photographer since 1960, he has also made a name for himself as a journalist and critic, with numerous publications. He is the author of the TASCHEN books *Doisneau* (2003), *Brassaï* (2004), and *Ronis* (2005).

"Besides women, what fascinated me about Paris was that every view seemed to present thousands of facets, sometimes in harmony with each other and more often in contrast—almost like what you see in a kaleidoscope."

—Frank Horvat

Only $ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

Above: Terry Richardson
A Toutes Jambes (To All Legs), for *Vogue*, 2009

Below: Frank Horvat
Shoe and Eiffel tower, for *Stern*, 1974

Opposite: Ed van der Elsken
Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1949/1952





Paris. Portrait of a City
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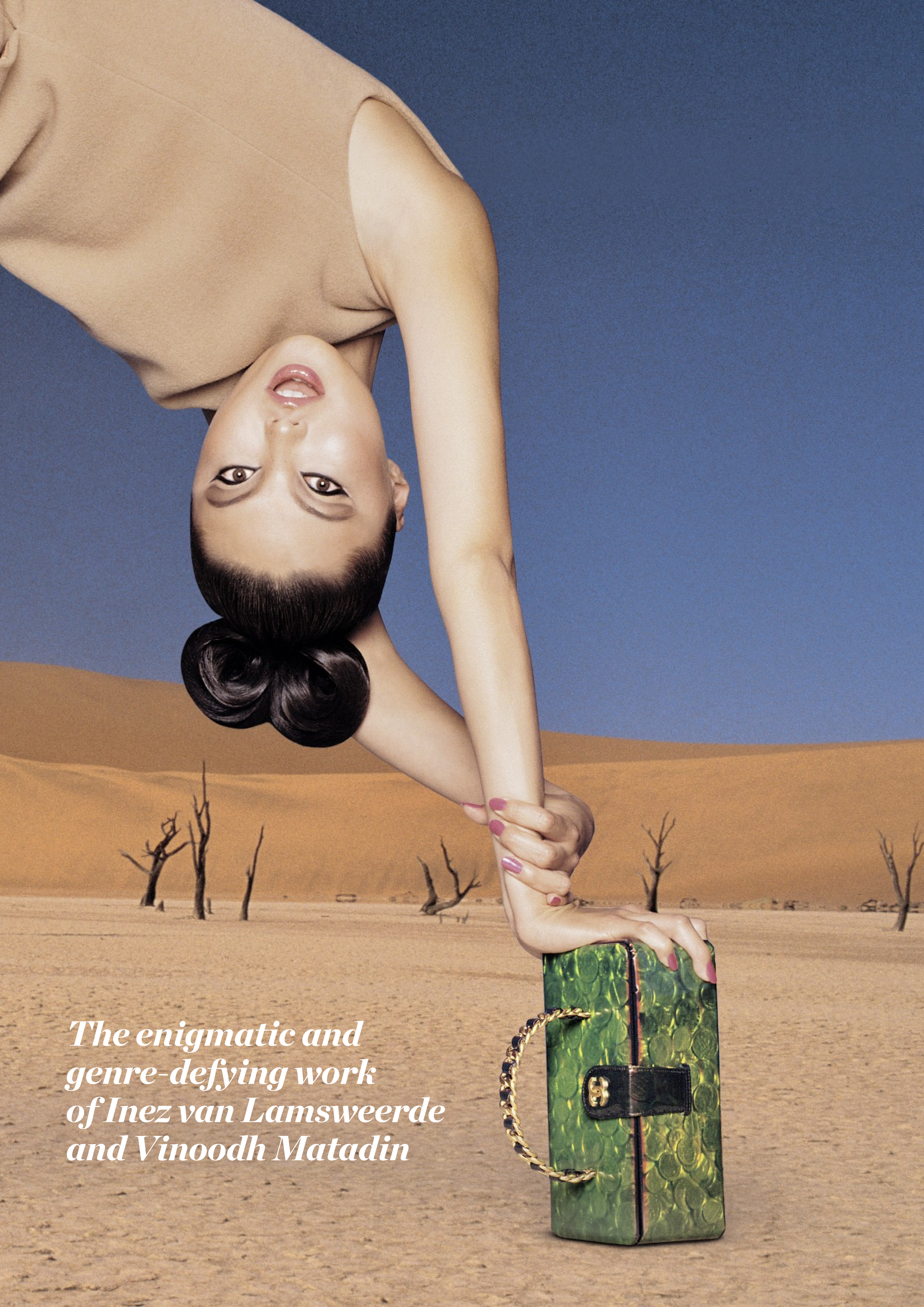
The figures are not based on an individual vehicle and do not constitute part of the product offer; they are



9.3/13.2 l/100 km; CO_2 emissions (combined): 308 g/km.

provided solely for purposes of comparison between different vehicle models.


Two
artists,
one
vision



The enigmatic and genre-defying work of Inez van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin



Above: Clint Eastwood – *New York Times Magazine*, 2005
Below: The Forest – *Marcel*, 1995
Opposite: Lady Gaga – *V* Magazine, 2011
Previous spread: Eniko for Peace – *Self Service*, 2008



"We always said to ourselves that our pictures should be in magazines and also in galleries. We were young and we had very strong opinions... We thought we knew everything. I think at first people really had a hard time understanding what we were doing. They thought we were making a parody of fashion. But we loved fashion, yet we also wanted to be critical."

—Vinoodh Matadin



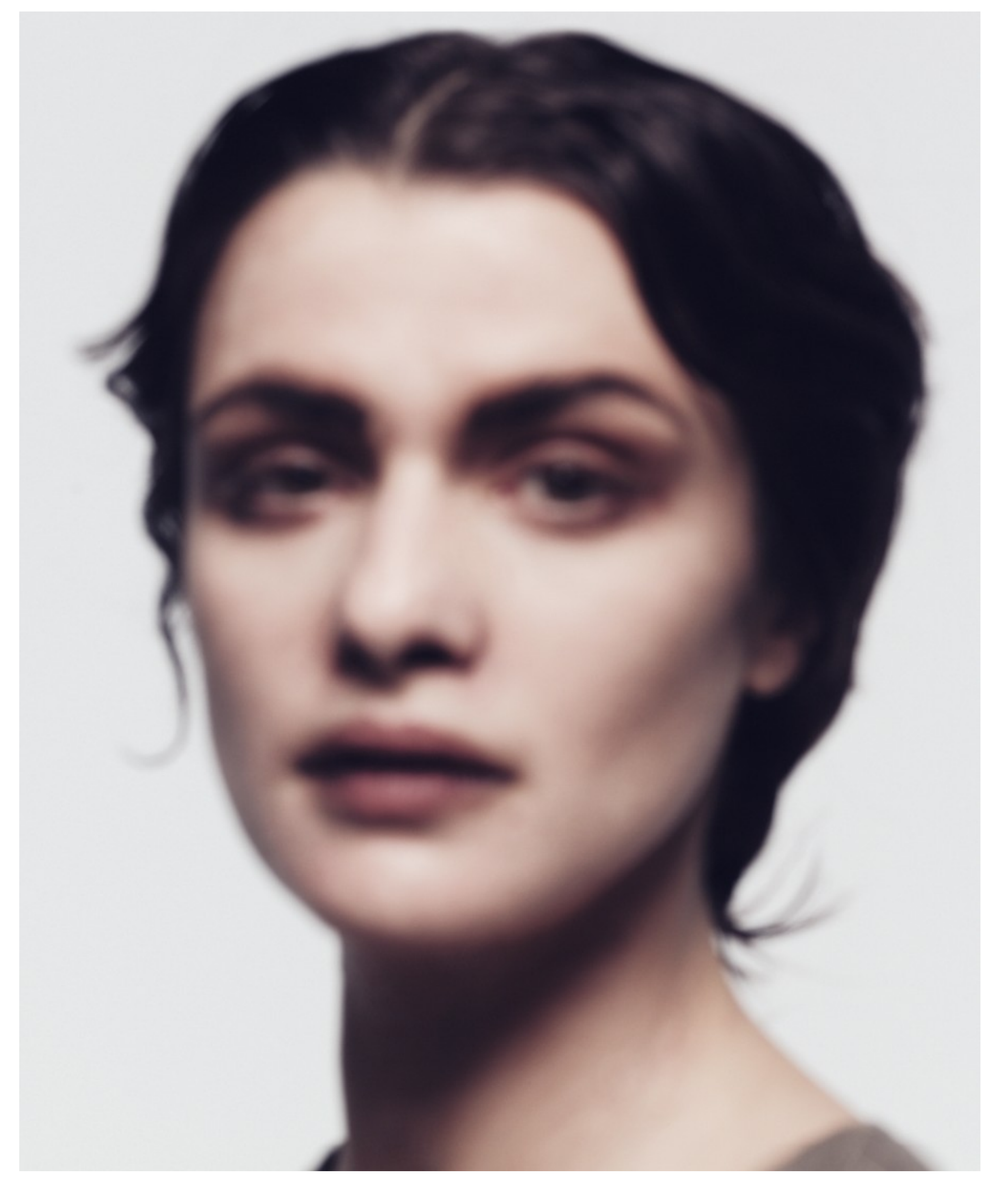
“We’re just obsessed with making images. It will never stop... I think it’s a journey to your self, basically. It’s like a self-portrait, a way to understand yourself. To take possession of everything around you by taking a picture of it.”

—Vinoodh Matadin

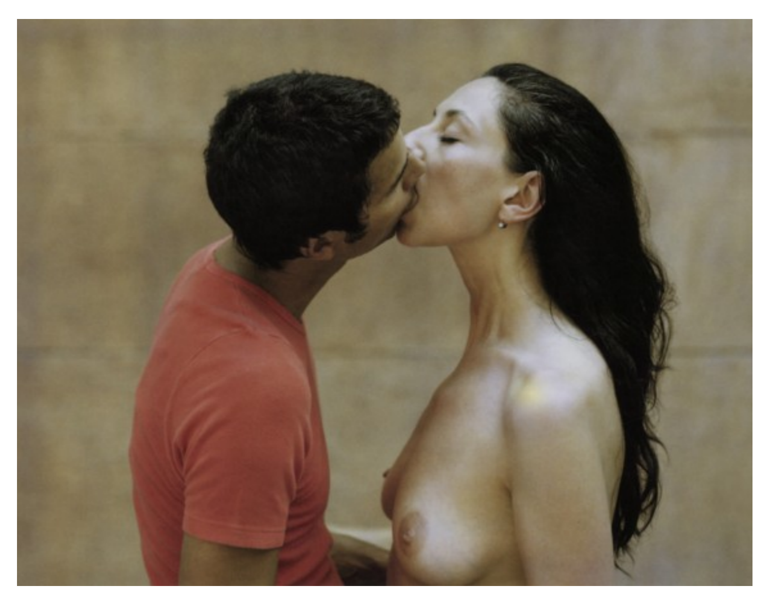
Below: Rachel Weisz – *New York Times Magazine*, 2006
Opposite: The print Alexander McQueen – *V* Magazine, 2004, comes with Art Edition No. 101-200 along with the print on page 32.

"Inez & Vinoodh make photographic metaphors. Rachel Weisz is in soft focus that reveals the chiseled architecture of her face."

—Glenn O'Brien









Top: *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Lovingly)*, 1999
Above: *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Eternally)* –
Lanvin Homme Campaign, 2010
Both prints on this page come with Art Edition No. 1-100.
Opposite: The print Kate/Groom – *V* Magazine, 2005
comes with Art Edition No. 101-200 along with the print on
page 30.

As a disco-dancing, punk-loving teenager in Amsterdam, Inez van Lamsweerde launched herself into a career in fashion with some zeal. Now 46 and the industry's most powerful image-maker, she is responsible for defining what fashion looks like, season after season. Her vast back catalogue reflects not just one style but a total fashion photography universe, so seamlessly can she slip between the high-production commercial shoots, intimate portraits and informal street snaps that describe each style epoch. Working together from New York City, van Lamsweerde and her husband, Vinoodh Matadin, not only share the longest photographers' credit in the business but also its most prestigious advertising clients and magazine assignments. Inez is a passionate leader of a small army of loyal collaborators and has the mesmeric ability to extract the extraordinary and unique from everybody around her. And while her images are wildly diverse in discipline and form, they always have a sense of disturbance that places them well beyond the merely beautiful and glamorous.

—Penny Martin, *The Gentlewoman*, nº 2, 2010

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- Art Edition No. 1–100: *Kate/Groom,* 2005 (see page 32) and *Alexander McQueen,* 2004 (see page 30)
- Art Edition No. 101–200: *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Lovingly),* 1999 and *Me Kissing Vinoodh (Eternally) – Lanvin Homme Campaign,* 2010 (see left)
- $ 3,000 / € 2,000 / £ 1,750

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- Edition of 1,000 individually numbered copies, each signed by the artists.
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Prices subject to change without notice

Inez van Lamsweerde/Vinoodh Matadin
Pretty Much Everything
Antony, Björk, Michael Bracewell, Glenn O'Brien, Lady Gaga, Penny Martin, Bruce Sterling, Olivier Zahm
Hardcover, 3 vols. in slipcase, format: 31 x 31 cm (12.2 x 12.2 in.), 976 pp.

XL FORMAT

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—*Zink Magazine*, New York

DATE: October 18th, 2011

Your day was (*only choose one*)
( ) a fantasy. (✓) the real thing. ( ) cancelled.

Explain why: Creating fantasy requires discipline, sacrifice and responsibility!

There is no apparent reason not to love the person you are. (✓) absolutely ( ) No

You are the child of your childhood.

SHOW BUSINESS is
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b) none of your business.
c) about decisions and timing.
d) expecting a true goof to act aloof.
e) an ironic composition of our shortcomings.
f) accidentally turning a goldfish into a goldmine.

Something twisted about us: how quickly ♡ can turn into apathy...

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Lexington





Miles of low fences line the winding, two-lane roads of the Bluegrass Country around Lexington, Kentucky, and enclose its rolling green horse farms, where magnificent thoroughbreds rest near pristinely painted barns. Now and again, the fences break for a leafy lane leading to an age-old bourbon distillery with doors open for a tour and a tipple. Then they lead away to a quaint 19th-century town, a quintessential country inn, or a serene Shaker village. These magical fences, made of wood or of stones stacked long ago by slaves and Scots-Irish settlers, take you back in time and away in space. But you'll be brought back soon enough by Kentucky's modern hosts serving up Southern charm and distinctly American food and drink. — BY TAYLOR HOLLIDAY

FRIDAY

1 *Horse Fixation* 1:45 p.m.

Lexington, a leisurely university city with preserved antebellum houses, calls itself the horse capital of the world. On thousands of acres of nearby farms, pampered horses graze on the local bluegrass, so called because it blooms a purplish blue. Dip into the horse world at **Kentucky Horse Park** (4089 Iron Works Parkway, Lexington; 859-233-4303; kyhorsepark.com). It may seem at first like merely a giant horsy theme park, but the horse trailers in the parking lot attest to its importance for competitions as well. There are displays on the history of the horse, paeans to winners like Man o' War and Cigar, and a Parade of Breeds (catch it at 2 p.m.). Horse shows and races are frequent—you might catch a steeplechase. And in June, musicians arrive from far and wide for a festival of bluegrass music.

2 *Chefs of the Country* 7 p.m.

Northwest of Lexington, Route 62 cuts a path through lush countryside to charming little Midway, a railroad town of about 1,600 people where trains still run right down the middle of the main street. A gem of a restaurant, the **Holly Hill Inn** (426 North Winter Street, Midway; 859-846-4732; hollyhillinn.com; $$$), awaits you down a nearby lane, in a house dating to 1839. Ouita Michel, the chef, and her husband, Chris, the sommelier, both graduates of the Culinary Institute of America, serve a four-course prix fixe dinner. Choices on the changing menus have included spoonbread souffle, pork roast with figs and dates, and tile fish with Kentucky red rice.

SATURDAY

3 *Brake for Bourbon* 10 a.m.

The land around Lexington grows more than thoroughbreds. West of the city, you're in bourbon country. Several distillers have banded together to create what they call the Bourbon Trail, so spend a day learning why their product is such a source of Kentucky pride. Stop first in Versailles (pronounce it "ver-SALES"), where the stately limestone **Woodford Reserve** (7855 McCracken Pike; 859-879-1812; woodfordreserve.com) is nestled deep among farms with cupola-topped stables and miles of black-painted board fences. The only product made here is the small-batch Woodford Reserve, but visitors come by the thousands, and you'll see the entire bourbon-making process from mash to bottle. Inhale the smells of whiskey and old wood, and sip a sample.

4 *Whiskey Saga* Noon

Bardstown, a city of about 10,000 in the heart of bourbon territory, honors its debt to spirits at the **Oscar Getz Museum of Whiskey History** (114 North Fifth Street; 502-348-2999; whiskeymuseum.com). In the 1790s, Scots-Irish distillers fleeing George Washington's whiskey tax and the quelling of the subsequent Whiskey Rebellion landed in an area of Virginia then called Bourbon County, which now covers several counties of northeastern Kentucky. They found perfect conditions for their trade, partly because of a layer of limestone that filters iron from the local water, and bourbon whiskey was born. In the museum, examine local artifacts, including authentic moonshine stills.

5 *Vary the Stimuli* 1 p.m.

Make a temporary switch from booze to caffeine at **Java Joint** (126 North 3rd Street, Bardstown; 502-350-0883; thejavajoint.homestead.com; $), where you can grab a quick lunch of sandwiches, soup, or salad along with the signature cup of flavorful coffee.

6 *Dip Your Own* 2 p.m.

Meander about 15 miles south on Route



49 to tiny Loretto and enter the red-shuttered, brown-clapboard buildings of **Maker's Mark** (3350 Burks Springs Road; 270-865-2099). The oldest bourbon distillery in the country, dating to 1805, it is well schooled in the rules of bourbon: the mash must be at least 51 percent corn, barrels for aging must be new and made of charred white oak, alcohol must be at prescribed strengths in the years-long process of transforming grain into whiskey. The tour here shows you the cooker, mash fermentation, the still, aging rackhouses, and hand-bottling. You can dip a finger into a vat of bubbling, fermenting mash to get a taste (like sweetened cereal gone sour), and they'll even let you hand-dip your own souvenir bottle in the trademark red wax.

7 *Jim Beam's Place* 4 p.m.

Drive back north to Bardstown and take Route 245 west to Clermont, the home of **Jim Beam** (149 Happy Hollow Road; 502-543-9877; jimbeam.com), the biggest of the bourbon distillers. Jim Beam doesn't have an extensive tour, but you'll get a good tasting. And from the porch of the Beam family's whitewashed mansion on the hill, you have a perfect view of the vapor-spewing, multibuilding factory, which has turned out millions of bottles of bourbon.

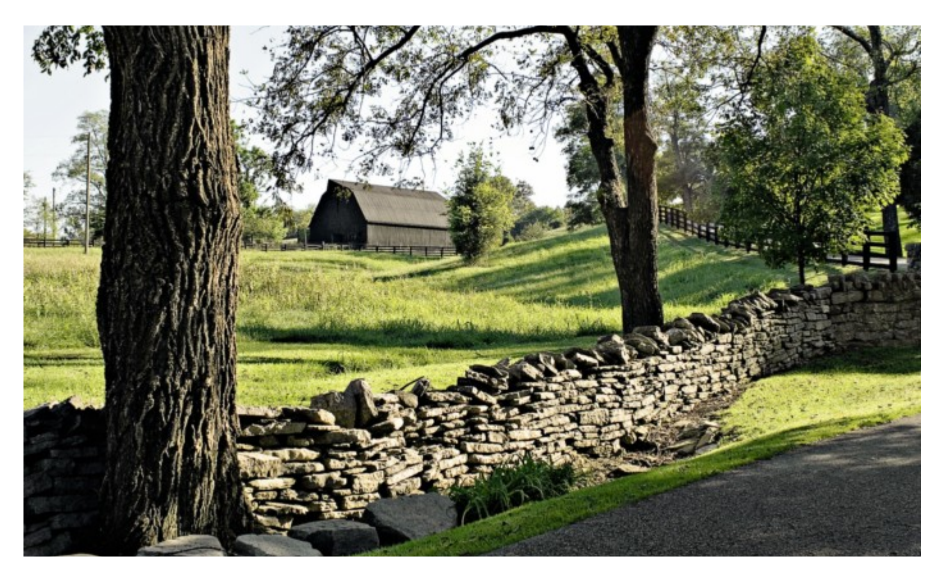
8 *Not a Colonel in Sight* 6 p.m.

For real Kentucky skillet-fried chicken, take a table at **Kurtz** (418 East Stephen Foster Avenue, Bardstown; 502-348-8964; bardstownparkview.com/dining.htm; $$), which has been satisfying hungry Kentuckians for 70 years. The chicken is superb and the fixings are traditional — mashed potatoes, cornbread, green beans with Kentucky ham. For dessert, ask for the biscuit pudding with bourbon sauce.

9 *Bourbons by the Dozen* 8 p.m.

When you're finished with the day's driving and ready to relax, sample the atmosphere and the libations at a bourbon bar, where knowledgeable bartenders serve Kentucky's favorite drink in dozens of varieties. In Bardstown, there's a classic of the genre at **Old Talbott Tavern** (107 West Stephen Foster Avenue; 502-348-3494; talbotts.com). In Lexington, try **Bluegrass Tavern** (115 Cheapside, Lexington; 859-389-6664) or the





Horse and Barrel Pub at deSha's Restaurant and Bar (101 North Broadway; 859-259-3771; tavernrestaurantgroup.com).

SUNDAY

10 *Thoroughbreds at Home* 9 a.m.

Taking tourists to the horse farms is a Lexington specialty — the local convention and visitors bureau publishes a list of tour companies and private guides (visitlex.com/idea/horse-farms.php). One good choice is a trip with the women of **Horse Farm Tours** (859-268-2906; horsefarmtours.com), who point out historical buildings in downtown Lexington on the way to a sampling of farms. If decadently luxurious stables and a 10-bedroom mansion at one farm are a reminder that thoroughbreds are a rich person's hobby, the wholesome young broodmare manager at the next farm, attending to the mares and their wobbly, week-old foals, is proof of how intense the horse-and-human relationship can be. At the stud farm, it's all about bloodlines and breeding techniques. You'll also be whisked to the best seats in the ivy-covered limestone viewing stand at Keeneland, Lexington's renowned race track — to see, perhaps, some horses in training.

11 *Plain Cooking* 1 p.m.

Drive south from Lexington on Route 68, through gently undulating hills and higher forested bluffs, to **Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill** (3501 Lexington Road, Harrodsburg; 859-734-5411; shakervillageky.org), a preserved home of the plain-living 19th-century Shaker sect. It feels remarkably like the real deal; the most beautiful of its 34 remaining buildings needed only light restoration to return them to the middle 1800s, when the community was at its peak. (Shakerism embraced celibacy and eventually died out.) Have dinner in the spare and lovely Trustees' Office Dining Room restaurant (call for reservations), which cooks with heirloom vegetables from its own garden, and tour the quiet grounds.



THE BASICS

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Gratz Park Inn
120 West Second Street, Lexington
859-231-1777
gratzparkinn.com
$$
An attractive 1906 brick building in the Gratz Park Historic District.

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369 West Vine Street
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lexingtondowntownhotel.com
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A Rosemark Haven
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rosemarkhaven.com
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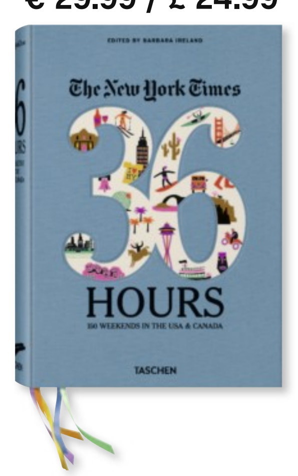
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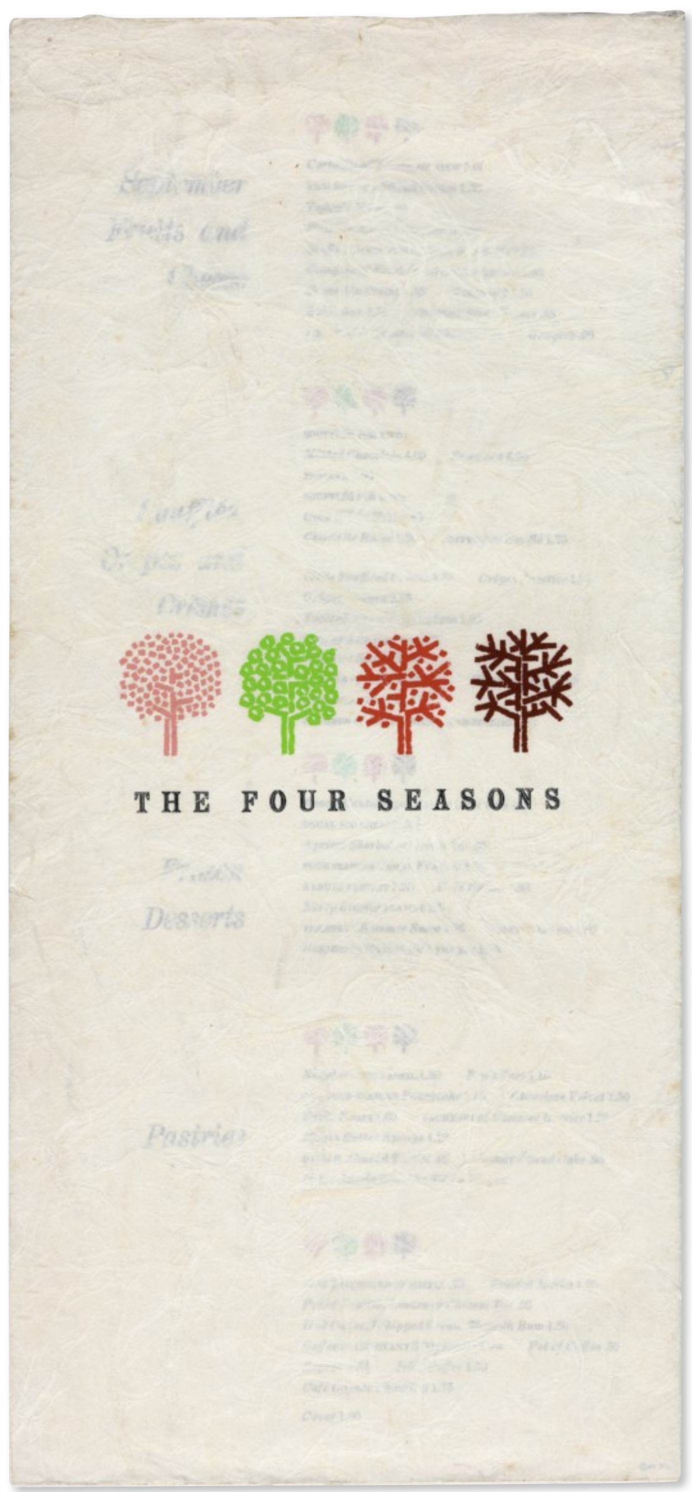
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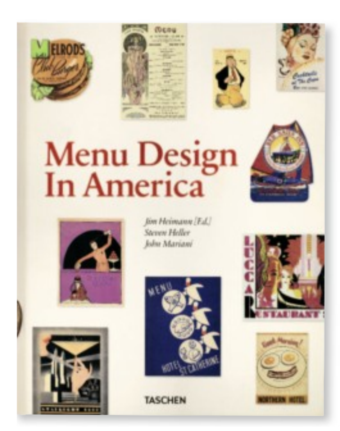
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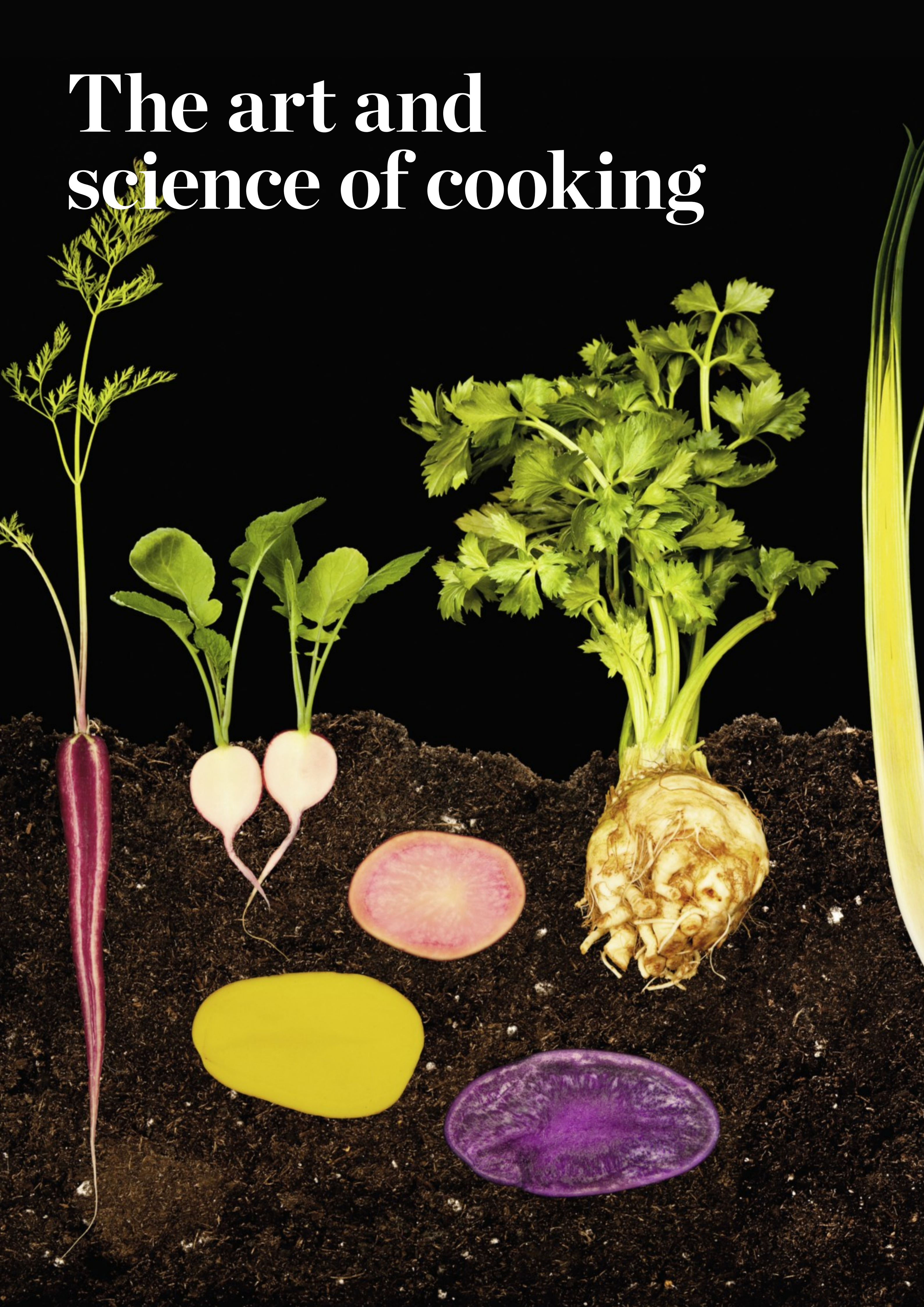
—Tasteandliving.com

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Jim Heimann (Ed.), Steven Heller, John Mariani
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The art and science of cooking




"The most astonishing cookbook of our time."
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A major milestone in culinary publishing, Modernist Cuisine has caused a huge stir since being released in the US, flying off shelves from coast to coast. Compiled by former Microsoft chief technology officer Nathan Myhrvold with a team of dozens of internationally renowned scientists, inventors, editors, and chefs—and illustrated by over 3,000 photographs and illustrations—this 6-volume magnum opus is about to take Europe by storm!

“This book will change the way we understand the kitchen.”

—Ferran Adrià



FAQs about Modernist Cuisine: Nathan Myhrvold’s groundbreaking tips and techniques for foodies

Can a home chef actually make the dishes in the book?
The majority of the recipes in the book can be made in a conventional home kitchen, especially if you get some fairly inexpensive additional equipment, like a digital gram scale or a water bath for sous vide cooking (the book covers what to look for when buying such gear). It was decided early on, however, that those recipes that illustrate the fascinating culinary applications of advanced ingredients, such as liquid nitrogen, and equipment such as centrifuges and rotorstator homogenizers, would not be “dumbed down.” As a result, the book offers recipes that will be exciting for anybody who loves food, regardless of whether they are an amateur at home or a top professional chef.

Do you have any funny stories of experiments you tried that failed or times when something went unexpectedly wrong?
Part of the point of a book like this is that the authors failed, so you don’t have to. We tested lots and lots of things and some of it was not so great... failure is perhaps too strong a word, but we tried a lot of variations to arrive at the few that we think are the best. And in some cases we did try pretty radical things that failed at first. I had this goal of making what I called an instant soufflé: a mix that you can store in an iSi whipping siphon and squirt out just before you are ready to bake it. That went through something like 150 iterations before we arrived at the final version that appears in the book.

Some people are leery of the artificial-sounding ingredients used in some Modernist recipes. They gravitate toward foods that are organic or “all-natural.” Why not just stick to these simpler ingredients?
There’s no such thing as free-range baking soda! Somebody recently said to me, “I hate this Modernist stuff, why don’t you make something that’s simple and natural-like pasta with cheese and sauce?”
But, good grief, there’s no food in the world that is more artificial than pasta. It doesn’t grow on a pasta tree, you know. It doesn’t look much at all like grain. In fact there’s this elaborate, well-figured-out procedure you have to go through to make pasta. Now pasta is a wonderful food–I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with it–but calling it natural is just weird. Pasta was an invention.
Virtually all foods you find at a farmer’s market or local butcher’s have had their genomes modified extensively through decades or centuries of selective breeding. What people called “genetically modified” these days means that some techniques from molecular biology have been used to alter them in very specific ways. But nearly all these genetic modifications have been aimed

Opposite: Nathan Myhrvold, 2011
Photo © Tim White



“‘Modernist cuisine’ is a much better term because it describes the avant-garde approach of rebelling against culinary rules of the past.”

—Nathan Myhrvold

at addressing the needs of industrial-scale agriculture. Chefs are mainly interested in taste and flavor, and so far little (if any) GM work has focused on improving these attributes. So I think that, for maximum flavor, old heirloom varieties are generally still the best. But this is a practical position on my part, not an ideological position. Much of the world suffers from malnutrition, and GM crops adapted to, say, African agriculture might be able to avoid famine and save millions of lives. I love the idea of farm-to-table advocates who say, "I'd rather have my sweet corn picked 10 minutes before we eat it and barely cooked!" Me, too, because it tastes better that way. The trouble is that some people get too fixated on this ideal, and argue that it should be forbidden to thicken a sauce with agar, even while they have no problem putting baking powder in their muffins.

How do you feel about the terms "Modernist cuisine" versus "molecular gastronomy?"

"Molecular" and "molecular gastronomy" are controversial terms among high-end chefs. Dr. Hervé This, who is often named as the father of what he calls "molecular gastronomy," feels strongly that the name should be applied only to food science; he thinks it should not be used to describe cooking. Even if you set that aside, most of his research does focus on applying science to understanding *traditional* cooking. Nearly all the chefs I have talked to in the field hate the name molecular gastronomy. And from a scientific standpoint, the term is meaningless: all food is made of molecules. I think that "Modernist cuisine" is a much better term because it describes the avant-garde approach of rebelling against culinary rules of the past. It is also broad enough to encompass a wide variety of styles.

This is a 2,440-page book. Is there anything in cooking that it does not cover?

As we worked on the book, we kept adding more and more to it. We could have added more still, but then it never would have been done. In particular we did not cover pastry, desserts, and baked goods in *Modernist Cuisine*. Maybe we will do another book on those topics at some point.

"By using Modernist techniques, you get more control, and that allows you to be more artistic, not less!"

How did your 13 years as Chief Technology Officer of Microsoft compare to writing a cookbook?

They are very different in some ways, but similar in others. At Microsoft, I learned how to manage big projects and how to get the best out of a team, which were both necessary for the cookbook.

A lot of experimenting was required for *Modernist Cuisine*. Did you make any surprising discoveries?

During the process of writing the book, we came up with explanations for many long-standing mysteries of cooking. It turns out that a lot of what goes on in cooking involves counterintuitive science. We were pretty puzzled to discover, for example, that most vegetables actually cook faster in boiling water than they do in steam. In fact, we ran some experiments to collect data for a chart that would show the opposite, that steaming is faster. But that is not what the data showed. We did the experiment several times, each time refining it to eliminate possible sources of error. Finally we convinced ourselves that boiling really is faster, and went digging through the scientific literature, where we found the answer of why this is: it has to do with a subtle phenomenon called film condensation, which we explain in the book. A lot of chefs will be surprised by the results of tests we did that show that cooking meat submerged in fat–a technique known as confit–has no perceptible effect on the meat. You can steam the meat (at the same temperature and for the same time), then dress it lightly with oil, and no diner will be able to tell the difference. When I tell chefs this, they invariably look at me like I'm crazy and say "you know, I don't agree with you there." But in this case, you

Below: The cross-section photographs are genuine. We arrange the food in our halved cooking equipment and then take the photographs.



Right: *Modernist Cuisine* contains step-by-step instructions and recipes with illustrations of plated dishes.

don't get to agree or disagree–its science! Of all the discoveries we made, my favorite is probably our explanation of the "tempera-

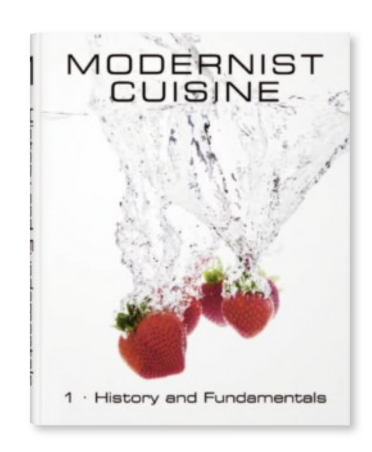
> "A visual roller coaster through the world of food and cooking tools ... For the professional chef, modernist or not, it will be an invaluable reference."
> —Michael Ruhlman, *The New York Times*

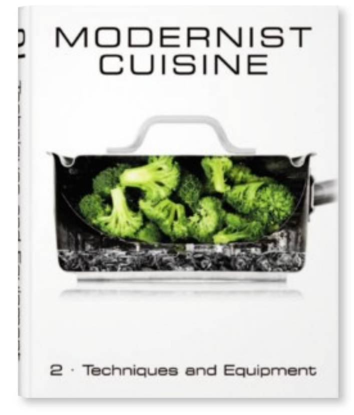
ture stall" (often just called "the stall") that occurs when barbecueing meat. The shorthand version is that when you cook pork butt, brisket, or other large pieces of meat, the temperature rises for a while, but then "stalls" at a certain temperature for several hours. There is a lot of lore within the barbecue community that seeks to explain why this occurs. Some say that fat rendering is the cause; others say it arises from the conversion of collagen to gelatin. But actually neither of these is correct. The true cause is evaporative cooling and its effect on the wet-bulb temperature, as we explain in detail in our chapter on Meat. I've also written a post online that lays out the details of the mechanism behind the stall.

What do you say when people accuse you of taking the art out of cooking? Is cooking an art or is it a science?
Cooking is an art, but, like all art, doing it well requires knowing something about the techniques and materials involved. Cooking is also largely empirical, but there are some theoretical insights from science that really help. We don't have to guess haphazardly at cooking times, for example: by applying the equations of heat transport, we can estimate them pretty accurately. The book includes several that help readers do this. Once you understand an area, such as emulsions, you can focus your experiments to find out, say, which emulsifiers work best and at what concentrations in a given situation. So science informs us and lets us cook while knowing what we are doing, but it is not a replacement for the skills of a chef and for some degree of experimentation. Each bit of scientific insight greatly increases the efficiency of the experiments, however. And when people understand the science, that actually gets the creative juices going and gives them more freedom to explore new techniques and new applications of existing techniques. So by using Modernist techniques, you get more control, and that allows you to be more artistic, not less!

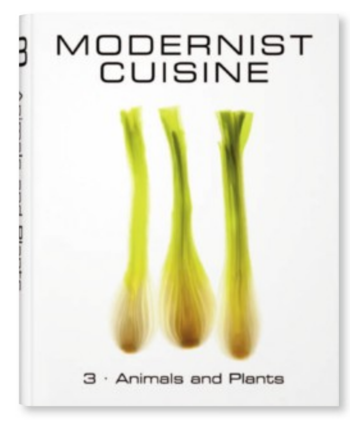


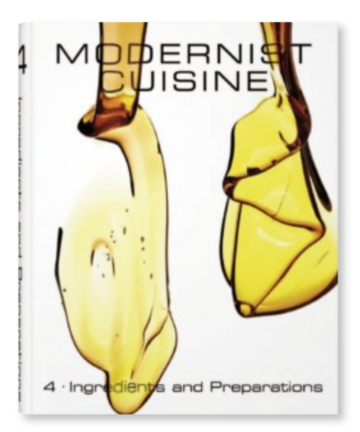
Nathan Myhrvold is chief executive officer and a founder of Intellectual Ventures, a firm dedicated to creating and investing in inventions. Until 1999, Myhrvold was the first chief technology officer at Microsoft, establishing Microsoft Research and overseeing many advanced technology projects. After working for two years as a stagier at Seattle's top French restaurant, Rover's, Myhrvold completed culinary training with renowned chef Anne Willan at the Ecole De La Varenne. In addition, he has worked as Chief Gastronomic Officer for Zagat Survey. Myhrvold's formal education includes degrees in mathematics, geophysics, and space physics from UCLA, and PhDs in mathematical economics and theoretical physics from Princeton University. In his post-doctoral work at Cambridge University, Myhrvold worked on quantum theories of gravity with the renowned cosmologist Stephen Hawking.



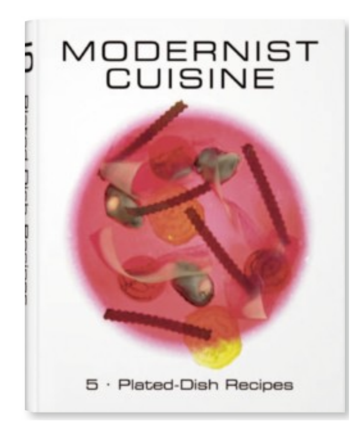


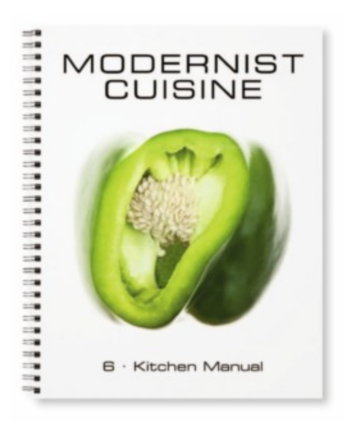














A sampling of what you'll discover:

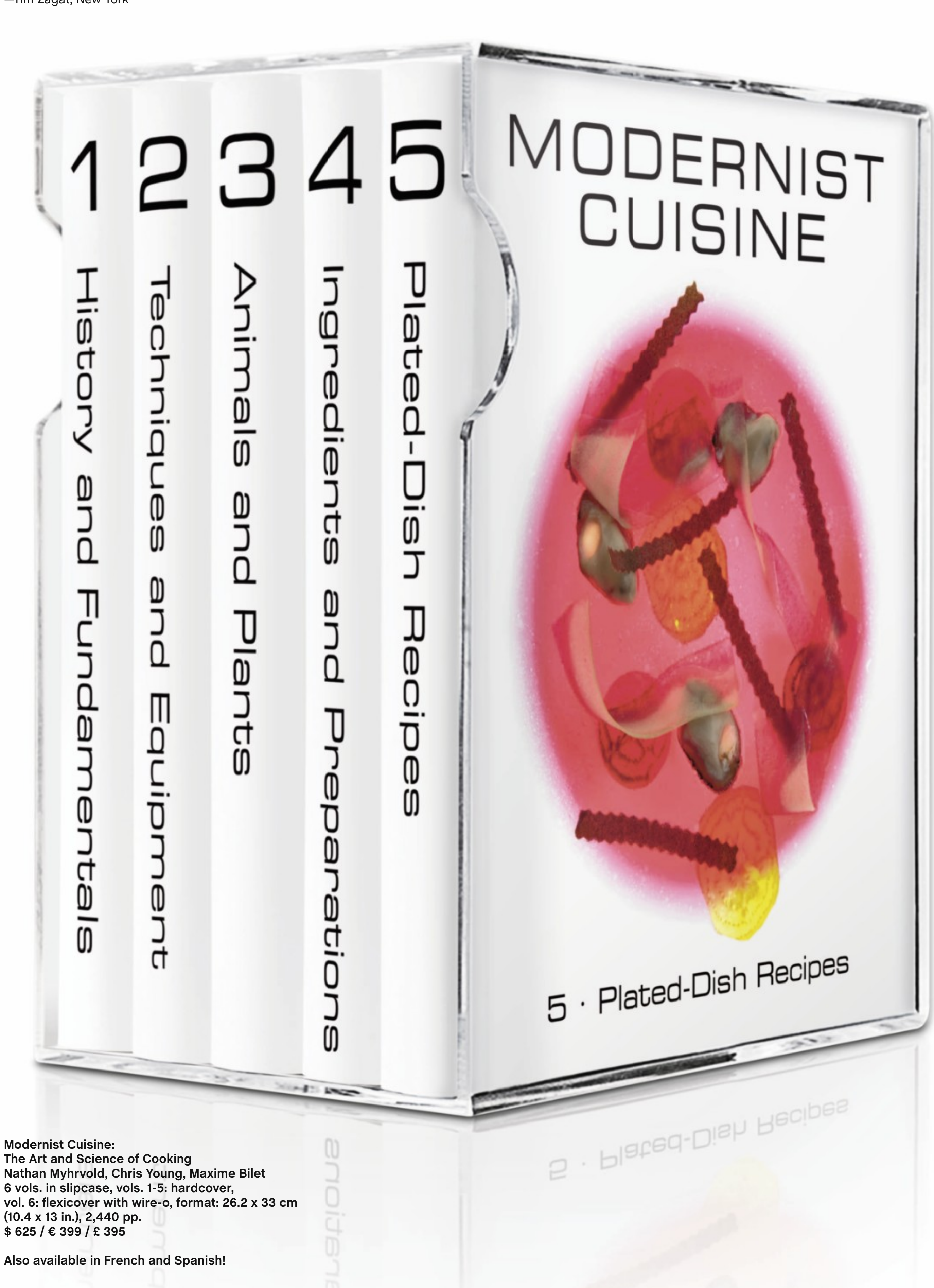
- **Why plunging food in ice water doesn't stop the cooking process**
- **When boiling cooks faster than steaming**
- **Why raising the grill doesn't lower the heat**
- **How low-cost pots and pans can perform better than expensive ones**
- **Why baking is mostly a drying process**
- **Why deep-fried food tastes best and browns better when the oil is older**
- **How modern cooking techniques can achieve ideal results without the perfect timing or good luck that traditional methods demand.**

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—Kenji Lopez-Alt, gourmet

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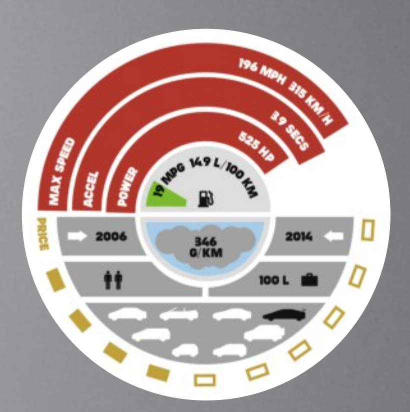


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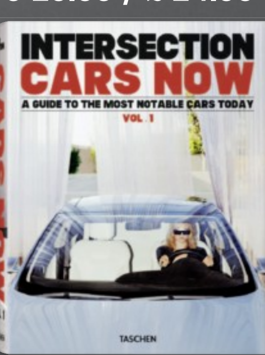
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MAYBACH



“She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex, and the sugar of sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin.”

—Norman Mailer

American Beauty

Norman Mailer's poignant and provocative text and Bert Stern's historic Last Sitting photographs evoke the spirit of America's greatest female icon



The making of a classic

Conceived by Lawrence Schiller, Mailer's longtime collaborator, this book combines the author's treatise on Marilyn with Bert Stern's penetrating Last Sitting photographs



It was forty years ago that I stood face-to-face with Harold Roth, the publisher of Grosset and Dunlap, looked him in the eye, and said, "You get me Gloria Steinem or Norman Mailer and I will let you publish this book." I held in my hand a portfolio with a trove of pictures of Marilyn Monroe taken by twenty-four renowned photographers, myself among them. By then, she had been dead for ten years, but she continued to bewitch people around the world. My book lacked only one element—a very important one: words! I was sure that the right words would shed light upon the mystery of this legend, whose death had not released her fans from their adoration.
Many writers had attempted to explain Monroe during her short life—a mere thirty-six years—but none had managed to capture her. Sometimes I thought it wasn't even possible.
Why Mailer or Steinem, Harold Roth asked me during our meeting.
The book needed a writer, I explained, whose own life experiences might somehow mirror hers and maybe open up a perspective on Marilyn that we didn't even know existed. I figured that if we could get a writer who had been run over by a lot of trucks, like Marilyn was, and found a way to survive each time, like Marilyn did, it might reveal the key to this deeply mysterious woman who had transfixed so many people across the world.
"Then you want Mailer," Roth said. "Mailer is your man."
Roth was sure the project would attract national attention. Mailer had very provocative views on women and on sex, and he gleefully expressed them in public and in his writings. He had provoked outrageous confrontations with feminist icons like Germaine Greer and Jill Johnston, and it

"Little did we know that Mailer would fall completely in love with his subject—a woman he had never met."

had made him Public Enemy No. 1 to the feminist generation of the day.
Mailer writing about the ultimate sex goddess of the 1950s would spell *controversy*. Pit America's most provocative and progressive writer—the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *The Armies of the Night*, the author of *The Naked and the Dead*—against this childlike woman—whose every move said something different to everyone; whose life had been torn to shreds by the publicity from three failed marriages; whose whisper of a voice had filled Madison Square Garden as she sang "Happy Birthday, Mr. President" to John F. Kennedy—and you'd wind up with magic.
Everyone would want to know what the bold provocateur Norman Mailer had to say about this fragile goddess. The combination would be irresistible to the press, and that combination equaled publicity—the good kind, the kind that sold books.
Roth delivered Mailer. And Mailer agreed to write a biographical essay to accompany the photographs. Little did we know that Mailer would fall completely in love with his subject—a woman he had never met. He would see every movie she'd ever made, interview many of the people who'd known her best, and, nine months later, deliver a full biography that, paired with the extraordinary photographs assembled, would become an international bestseller in every major language of the world.
For Mailer, Marilyn was "every man's love affair with America... qeen of the working class... a mirror of the pleasures of those who stare at her... She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex... a sly leviathan of survival... [who] had an artist's intelligence... [and was] not so much a movie star as a



major figure in American life."
When the book debuted on the cover of *Life*, it caused a splash. When Mailer saw the cover that Will Hopkins and I designed for *Time* magazine to coincide with the book's publication, which showed Monroe tousling his hair, he hit the ceiling. He called me, outraged: "With that cover, I'll never win the Nobel Prize for literature." But with all the attention it was getting, he soon forgave me.
Marilyn: A Biography by Norman Mailer generated so much press that it became an instant best seller. *The Boston Globe* would echo what every reviewer was saying, "... superb. ... Nothing else captures [Marilyn's] endearing and exasperating persona so touchingly." Words like "overwhelming,"



"brilliant," "engrossing," and "unforgettable" found their way into reviews worldwide. The most important news and public-affairs television shows of the day, like *60 Minutes*, covered the phenomenon. The book and its photographs were introduced to the world at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, in Los Angeles, to a sellout crowd before touring three continents. Many of Marilyn's costars—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Eli Wallach, Tom Ewell—and her directors—John Huston, Billy Wilder, and George Cukor—sipped champagne alongside bookstore owners. In Japan thousands waited in the rain for hours for a chance to see the exhibit's iconic images of Marilyn.
Of all the photographers whose pictures appeared in the original *Marilyn* book, it seemed that Bert Stern, who had photographed her in June of 1962 just six weeks before her death, captured the widest range of her emotions. His camera offered a window onto every part of her life.

Now, forty years after the original publication of *Marilyn* and fifty years after her death, it is clear that only Stern's pictures could truly complement Mailer's literary achievement. Benedikt Taschen—who had already published *MoonFire,* featuring Mailer's extraordinary reporting on man's first landing on the moon in an illustrated edition—was ready to guide the reincarnation of the original *Marilyn*. This new volume would be more than just a *book*, it would be the marriage of two great artists' work, and a work of art unto itself. The results: Stern's images give new light to Mailer's words as no other photographer's work could, and Mailer's text gives new meaning not only to the pictures but to the woman whose extraordinary presence is as much alive today as she was when Stern photographed her.

Lawrence Schiller

Previous spread: *Marilyn in Bed*, 1962. Photo © Bert Stern

Opposite, left: *Time*, USA, July 16, 1973, magazine cover designed by Will Hopkins and Lawrence Schiller

Opposite, center: Norman Mailer television appearance for *Marilyn*, 1973. Photo © Polaris Communications, Inc.

Opposite, right: Lawrence Schiller, left, with Bert Stern, Los Angeles, 1973. Photo © Polaris Communications, Inc.

Above: Marilyn Monroe, Hotel Bel-Air, 1962. Photo © Bert Stern

A NOVEL BIOGRAPHY

by Norman Mailer



"In her ambition...
we can see the magnified
mirror of ourselves,
our exaggerated and
now all but defeated
generation..."



So we think of Marilyn who was every Man's love affair with America, Marilyn Monroe who was blonde and beautiful and had a sweet little rinky-dink of a voice and all the cleanliness of all the clean American backyards. She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex, and the sugar of sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin. Across five continents the men who knew the most about love would covet her, and the classical pimples of the adolescent working his first gas pump would also pump for her, since Marilyn was deliverance, a very Stradivarius of sex, so gorgeous, forgiving, humorous, compliant and tender that even the most mediocre musician would relax his lack of art in the dissolving magic of her violin. "Divine love always has met and always will meet every human need," was the sentiment she offered from the works of Mary Baker Eddy as "my prayer for you always" (to the man who may have been her first illicit lover), and if we change *love* to *sex*, we have the subtext in the promise. "Marilyn Monroe's sex," said the smile of the young star, "will meet every human need." She gave the feeling that if you made love to her, why then how could you not move more easily into sweets and the purchase of the full promise of future sweets, move into tender heavens where your flesh would be restored. She could ask no price. She was not the dark contract of those passionate brunette depths that speak of blood, vows taken for life, and the furies of vengeance if you are untrue to the depth of passion, no, Marilyn suggested sex might be difficult and dangerous with others, but ice cream with her. If your taste combined with her taste, how nice, how sweet would be that tender dream of flesh there to share.

In her early career, in the time of *Asphalt Jungle* when the sexual immanence of her face came up on the screen like a sweet peach bursting before one's eyes, she looked then like a new love ready and waiting between the sheets in the unexpected clean breath of a rare sexy morning, looked like she'd stepped fully clothed out of a chocolate box for Valentine's Day, so desirable as to fulfill each of the letters in that favorite word of the publicity flack, curvaceous, so *curvaceous* and yet without menace as to turn one's fingertips into ten happy prowlers. Sex was, yes, ice cream to her. "Take me," said her smile. "I'm easy. I'm happy. I'm an angel of sex, you bet."

"She was the last of the myths to thrive in the long evening of the American dream..."

Opposite: One of two available Art Editions, *Striped Scarf*, 1962, is limited to 125 copies signed by Stern

Above: *Marilyn, Vogue*, 1962. Photos © Bert Stern

What a jolt to the dream life of the nation that the angel died of an overdose. Whether calculated suicide by barbiturates or accidental suicide by losing count of how many barbiturates she had already taken, or an end even more sinister, no one was able to say. Her death was covered over with ambiguity even as Hemingway's was exploded into horror, and as the deaths and spiritual disasters of the decade of the Sixties came one by one to American Kings and Queens, as Jack Kennedy was killed, and Bobby, and Martin Luther King, as Jackie Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis and Teddy Kennedy went off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, so the decade that began with Hemingway as the monarch of American arts ended with Andy Warhol as its regent, and the ghost of Marilyn's death gave a lavender edge to that dramatic American design of the Sixties which seemed in retrospect to have done nothing so much as to bring Richard Nixon to the threshold of imperial power. "Romance is a nonsense bet," said the jolt in the electric shock, and so began that long decade of the Sixties which ended with television living like an inchworm on the aesthetic gut of the drug-deadened American belly. In what a light does that leave the last angel of the cinema! She was never for TV. She preferred a theatre and those hundreds of bodies in the dark, those wandering lights on the screen when the luminous life of her face grew ten feet tall. It was possible she knew better than anyone that she was the last of the myths to thrive in the long evening of the American dream—she had been born, after all, in the year Valentino died, and his footprints in the forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theatre were the only ones that fit her feet. She was one of the last of cinema's aristocrats and may not have wanted to be examined, then *ingested*, in the neighborly reductive dimensions of America's living room. No, she belonged to the occult church of the film, and the last covens of Hollywood. She might be as modest in her voice and as soft in her flesh as the girl next door, but she was nonetheless larger than life up on the screen. Even down in the Eisenhower shank of the early Fifties she was already promising that a time was coming when sex would be easy and sweet, democratic provender for all. Her stomach, untrammeled by girdles or sheaths, popped forward in a full woman's belly, inelegant as hell, an avowal of a womb fairly salivating in seed—that belly which was never to have a child—and her breasts popped buds and burgeons of flesh over many a questing sweating moviegoer's face. She was a cornucopia. She excited dreams of honey for the horn.

Yet she was more. She was a presence. She was ambiguous. She was the angel of sex, and the angel was in her detachment. For she was separated from what she offered. "None but Marilyn Monroe," wrote Diana Trilling, could suggest such a purity of sexual delight:

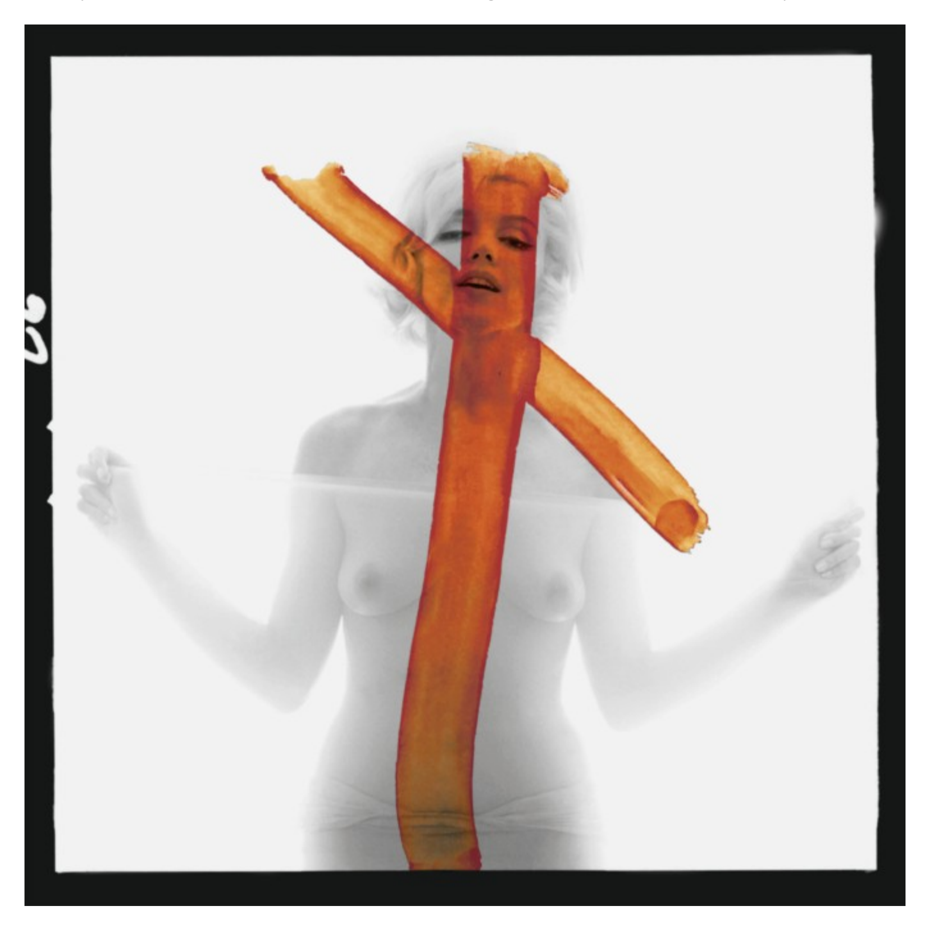
> *The boldness with which she could parade herself and yet never be gross, her sexual flamboyance and bravado which yet breathed an air of mystery and even*

reticence, her voice which carried such ripe overtones of erotic excitement and yet was the voice of a shy child—these complications were integral to her gift. And they described a young woman trapped in some never-never land of unawareness.

Or is it that behind the gift is the tender wistful hint of another mood? For she also seems to say, "When an absurd presence is perfect, some little god must have made it." At its best, the echo of her small and perfect creation reached to the horizon of our mind. We heard her speak in that tiny tinkly voice so much like a little dinner bell, and it tolled when she was dead across all that decade of the Sixties she had helped to create, across its promise, its excitement, its ghosts and its center of tragedy.
Since she was also a movie star of the most stubborn secretiveness and flamboyant candor, most conflicting arrogance and onrushing inferiority; great populist of philosophers—she loved the working man—and most tyrannical of mates, a queen of a castrator who was ready to weep for a dying minnow; a lover of books who did not read, and a proud, inviolate artist who could haunch over to publicity when the heat was upon her faster than a whore could lust over a hot buck; a female spurt of wit and sensitive energy who could hang like a sloth for days in a muddy-mooded coma; a child-girl, yet an actress to loose a riot by dropping her glove at a premiere; a fountain of charm and a dreary bore; an ambulating cyclone of beauty when dressed to show, a dank hunched-up drab at her worst—with a bad smell!—a giant and an emotional pygmy; a lover of life and a cowardly hyena of death who drenched herself in chemical stupors; a sexual oven whose fire may rarely have been lit—she would go to bed with her brassiere on—she was certainly more and less than the silver witch of us all. In her ambition, so Faustian, and in her ignorance of culture's dimensions, in her liberation and her tyrannical desires, her noble democratic longings intimately contradicted by the widening pool of her narcissism (where every friend and slave must bathe), we can see the magnified mirror of ourselves, our exaggerated and now all but defeated generation, yes, she ran a reconnaissance through the Fifties, and left a message for us in her death, "Baby go boom." Now she is the ghost of the Sixties. [. . .]

She was born on June 1, 1926 at 9:30 in the morning, an easy birth, easiest of her mother's three deliveries. As the world knows, it was out of wedlock. At the time of Marilyn's first marriage to James Dougherty, the name of Norma Jeane Baker was put on the marriage license (Baker by way of her mother's first husband). On the second marriage to Joe DiMaggio, the last name became Mortenson, taken from the second husband. (Even the middle name, Jean, was originally written like Choreanne for Corinne). There is no need to look for any purpose behind the use of the names. Uneducated (that familiar woe of a beautiful blonde), she was also cultureless—can we guess she would not care to say whether Rococo was three hundred years before the Renaissance, any more than she would be ready to swear the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow didn't come about because his railroad trains couldn't run in the cold. Historically empty, she was nonetheless sensitive—as sensitive as she was historically empty—and her normal state when not under too much sedation was, by many an account, vibrant to new perception. It is as if she was ready when exhilarated to reach out to the washes of a psychedelic tide. So, talking to one publicity man, it would seem natural in the scheme of things that her last name was Baker—maybe that sounded better as she looked at the man's nose. Another flack with something flaccid in the look of his muscles from the solar plexus to the gut would inspire Mortenson. Since it was all movie publicity, nobody bothered to check. To what end? Who knew the real legal situation? If the mother, Gladys Monroe Baker, had been married to Edward Mortenson, "an itinerant lover," he had already disappeared by the time Marilyn was born; some reports even had him dead of a motorcycle accident before Norma Jeane was conceived. There may also have been some question whether Gladys Monroe was ever divorced from the first husband, Baker, or merely separated. And the real father, according to Fred Guiles, was C. Stanley Gifford, an employee of Consolidated Film Industries, where Gladys Baker worked. A handsome man. Shown a picture of him by her mother when still a child, Marilyn described him later "wearing a slouch hat cocked on one side of his head. He had a little mustache and a smile. He looked kind of like Clark Gable, you know, strong and manly." In her early teens, she kept a picture of Gable on her wall and lied to high school friends that Gable was her secret father. Not too long out of the orphanage where she had just spent twenty-one months, then veteran of numerous foster homes, it is obvious she was looking for a sense of self-importance, but we may as well assume something more extravagant: the demand upon a biographer is to explain why she is exceptional. So, in that part of her adolescent mind where fantasy washes reality as the ego begins to emerge, it is possible she is already (like Richard Nixon) searching for an imperial sense of self-justification. Illegitimate she might be, but still selected for a high destiny—Clark Gable was her secret father. That she would yet come to know Gable

"In her early teens, she kept a picture of [Clark] Gable on her wall and lied to high school friends that Gable was her secret father."





while making *The Misfits* (know him toward the end of her life down in the infernal wastes of that psychic state where the brimstone of insomnia and barbiturates is boiled, her marriage to Miller already lost, her lateness a disease more debilitating than palsy), what portents she must have sensed playing love scenes at last with the secret father, what a cacophony of cries in the silence of her head when Gable was dead eleven days after finishing the film.

Above: The print *Contact Sheet*, 1962, comes with one of two available Art Editions, limited to 125 copies and signed by Stern.

Opposite: *Crucifix 2*, 1962. Marilyn Monroe always required final approval before posing for photographers—Stern was no exception. She would cross out her rejects with a marker, scratch them with a hair pin or even cut them in half. Stern caused a sensation when he published several of the photographs she had nixed in the Autumn issue of *Eros* magazine a few months after her death.
Photos © Bert Stern

How did you do it, Mr. Stern?

An interview by Nina Wiener



“The familiar props of a photographic sitting seemed to set her at ease, as did Sinatra on the record player and a case of Dom Pérignon, 1953.”
—Bert Stern

In 1962 probably any actress in her right mind would have agreed to sit for you. Why did you pick Marilyn?
I was on a flight to photograph Elizabeth Taylor in Rome and could not sleep. Out of nowhere Marilyn Monroe came into my mind. I began to fantasize about making a photograph of her as memorable as Edward Steichen's immortal black-and-white portrait of Greta Garbo, maybe the greatest photograph ever taken of a movie star. I thought about nothing else for the rest of the flight.

What was your original concept for the shoot?
I needed to discover something that had not yet been captured by any photographer—how to find the pure Marilyn. I wanted a portrait, not a fashion spread. So I went over to the accessory department at *Vogue* and pulled jewelry and scarves she could play with while we worked.

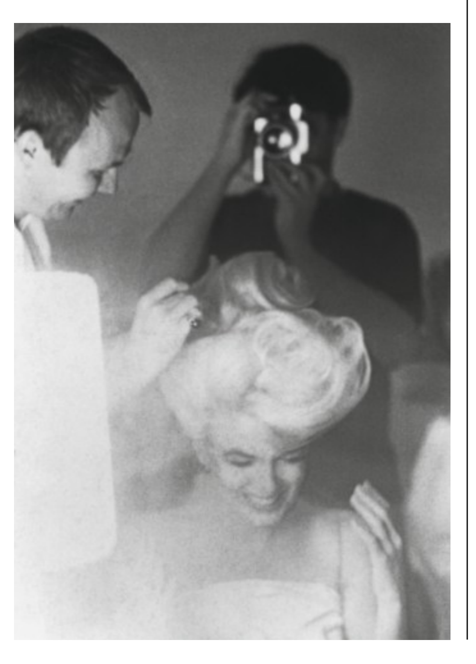
What was the experience like of finally meeting Marilyn in the flesh?
She was a total surprise. Marilyn had lost a lot of weight, and the loss had transformed her. She was better than the full-bodied, almost overblown actress I had seen in the movies. She wore no makeup—nothing!—and she was gorgeous. She was the real thing. I was awestruck.

What did you do to get her in the mood?
I had removed everything from my suite at the Hotel Bel-Air, hung a seamless background, and placed my lights so that by adjusting their strength I could obtain different lighting effects. The familiar props of a photographic sitting seemed to set her at ease, as did Sinatra on the record player and a case of Dom Pérignon, 1953.

How did you broach the subject of posing for you in the nude?
Actually, it was her idea. I suggested we do it with no makeup, that she didn't need any makeup. She didn't bite at that idea, but asked about the colorful scarves I had brought from New York. One by one, Marilyn looked at them, and then she held one up to the light. She lowered the scarf, and looked me in the eye. “You want to do nudes of me, don't you?” “That's a good idea,” I said, and waited for her reply. When none came I continued, “It'd probably be nice, wouldn't it? You wouldn't be exactly nude, you'd have the scarf.”

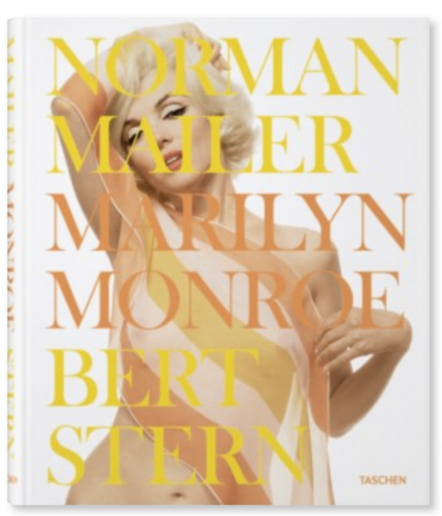
Marilyn famously had approval of her photographs, many of which she x-ed out with a marker.
Approval was never part of the deal, and even if she had asked for it, she almost certainly wouldn't have gotten it from *Vogue*. But her publicist insisted. So I sent her some pictures, which she didn't return for weeks. On the contact sheets she had made x's in magic marker. That was all right, although I didn't agree with her—I thought some of the ones she'd crossed out were beautiful. But she had x-ed out the color transparencies with a hairpin, right on the film. They were mutilated. Destroyed.

I'm sure it's a day you'll never forget: August 5, 1962. Where were you when you heard the news of her death?
I was in Sag Harbor for the weekend with my daughter, and heard the news on the television. I was just paralyzed, shocked in a dumb, numb way. There was some way in which I was not surprised. Not that she'd seemed depressed or suicidal to me. Not at all. It was more like I'd smelled trouble...



Opposite: Monroe and Stern, June 1962
Right: Kenneth, styling Monroe's hair, June 1962
Photos © Bert Stern

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Art Editions No. 1–250
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Norman Mailer, Bert Stern
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C
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“My paintings aren’t plotted out so that each image is part of a larger narrative, but they’re not completely intuitive, either. It’s a combination of the two.”

—Mark Ryden



Previous spread:
Allegory of the Four Elements (detail)
Oil on canvas, 2006

Top:
The Magic Circus
Oil on canvas, 2001

Right:
The Apology
Oil on canvas, 2006

Opposite:
The Tree of Life (detail)
Oil on canvas, 2006





“The godfather of Pop Surrealism.”

—*Interview*, New York



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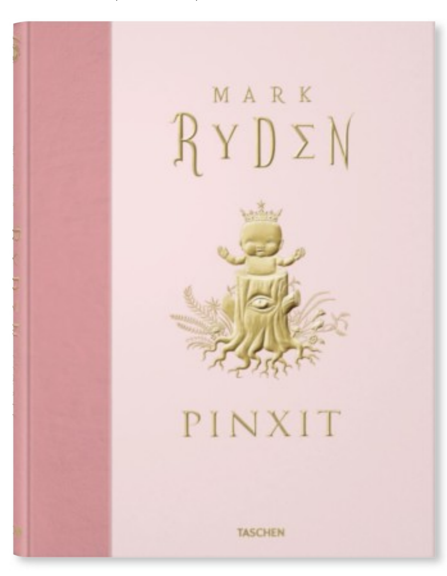




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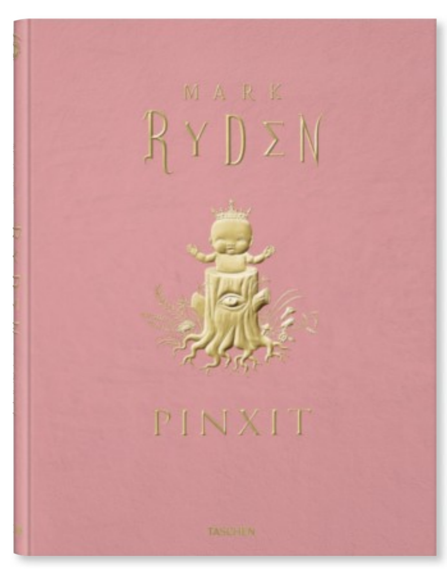
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Opposite:
Incarnation
Oil on canvas, 2009

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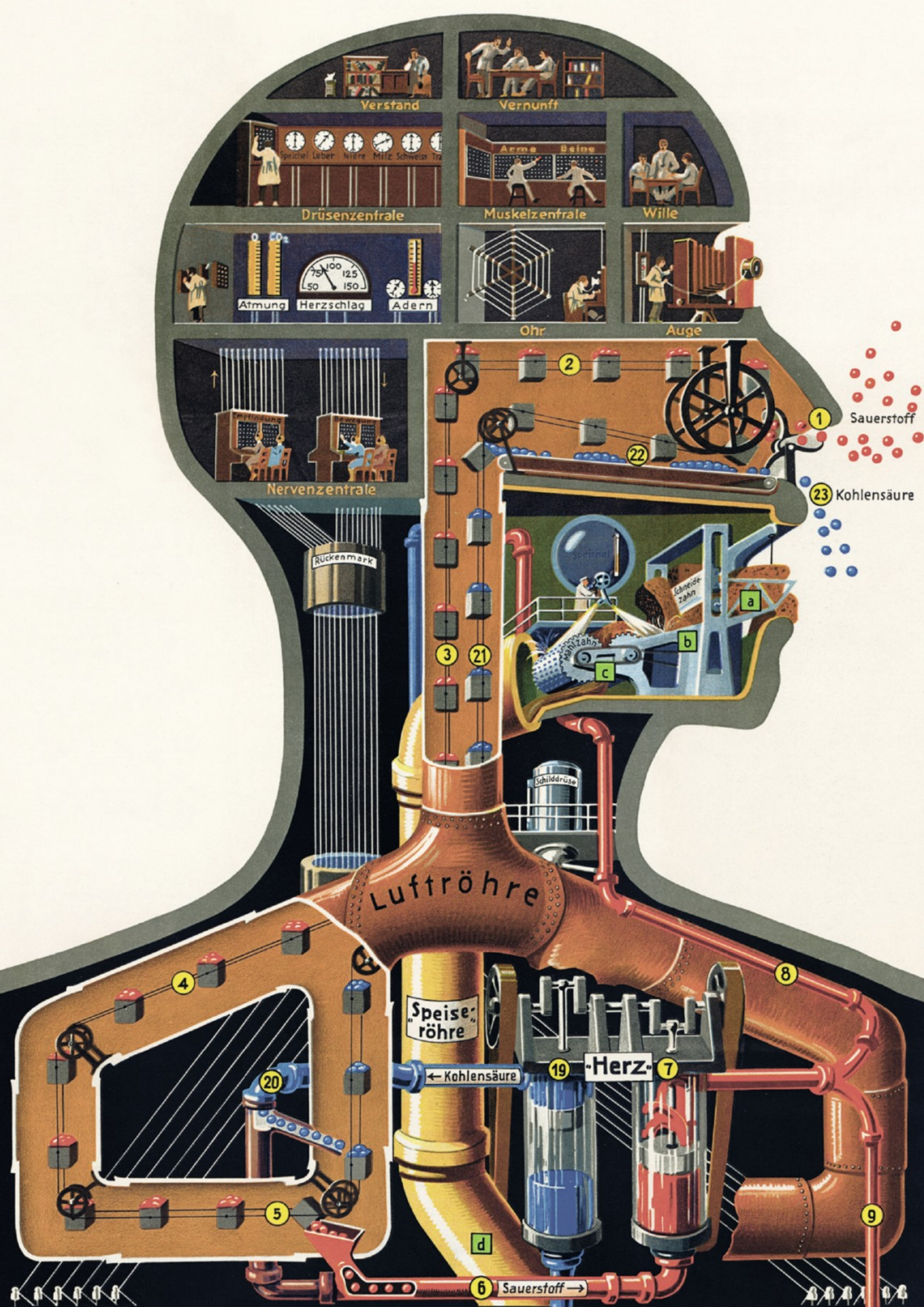


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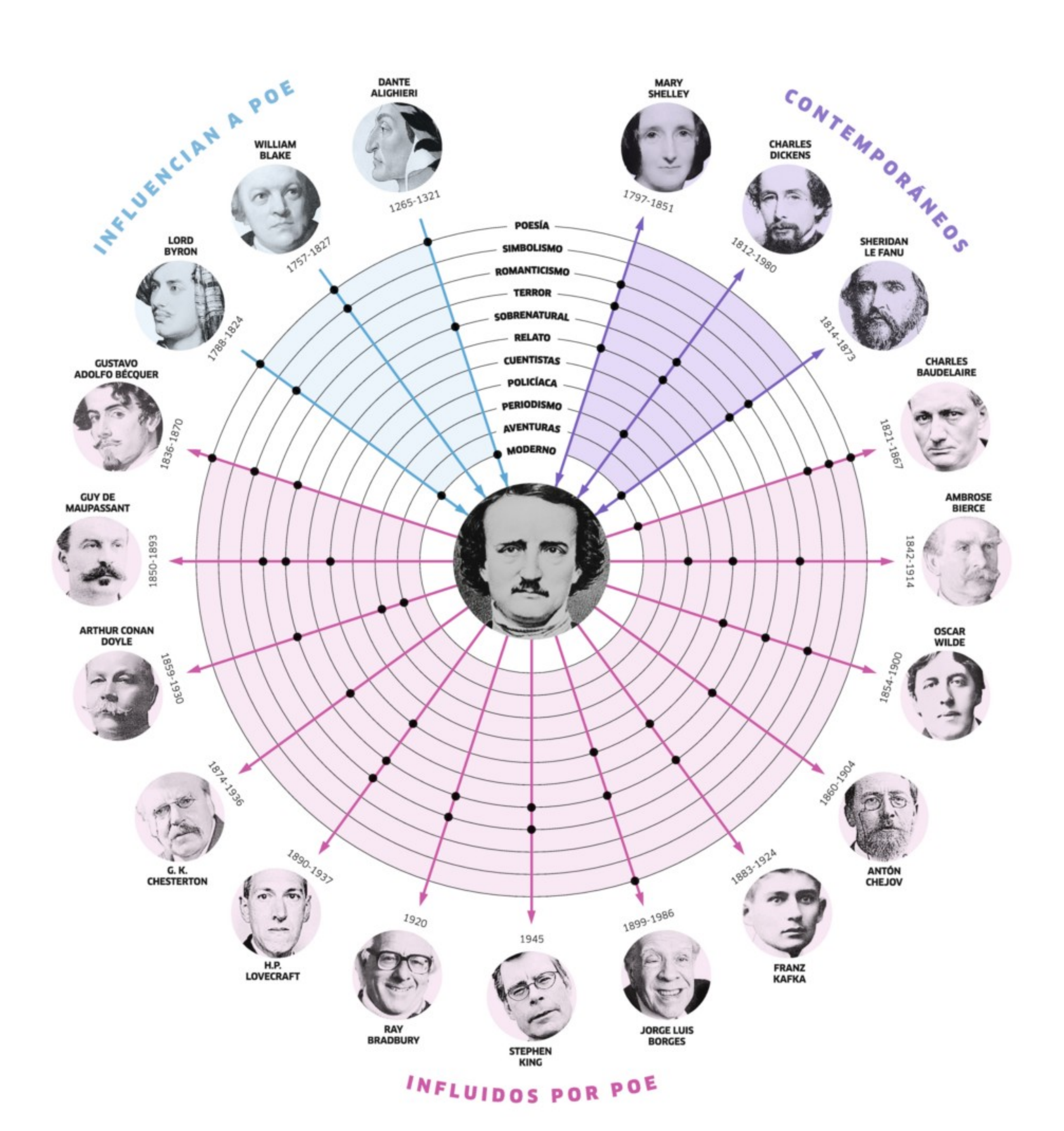
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SEEING IS UNDERSTANDING

How complex ideas can be communicated via graphics



Opposite:

Man as an Industrial Palace

In his educational books on health and anatomy, the German physician Fritz Kahn repeatedly drew upon the old analogy between the human body and mechanical machines. This poster from 1926 depicts the human metabolism like an industrial production process.

Design: Fritz Kahn, poster as enclosure to Das Leben des Menschen III, *Stuttgart 1926, detail*

Above:

Influences of Edgar Allan Poe

Designed on the occasion of Edgar Allan Poe's 200th birthday, this infographic explains his literary cosmos. The circle diagram places Poe in the center. Forerunners are shown in blue, while contemporaries with whom he exchanged ideas are coded in purple. Later writers, who drew upon various aspects of Poe's work, are shown in pink.

Individual aspects of Poe's writing are listed around the inner circles of the diagram, and refer to style, main topics and genres. An axis connects Poe with each author, with dots marking the aspects the author shares with Poe. It is interesting how this piece is mainly structured by the categories of literary writing, whereas the historical succession is elegantly integrated into a closed circle.

Design: Álvaro Valiño for newspaper Público, *2009*



Left:

Wired Anniversary

For the anniversary of *Wired* in 2008, Fernanda Viégas and Martin Wattenberg created a visual history of the magazine, referring to the noted bold use of color in its layout. The circles depict every issue before June 2008 in chronological order, with each circle displaying the colors used on the issue's cover. This was done by an algorithm which extracts the "peak" colors from an image. Circles are arranged in rows, each row being one year. As the magazine began as a bi-monthly, the first row is sparser. Overall circle sizes refer to the magazine's circulation. *Wired* also created a two-sided poster from this piece, showing the circles on one side and the actual covers on the other.

Design: Fernanda Viégas, Martin Wattenberg, poster for Wired *magazine, 2008, USA*

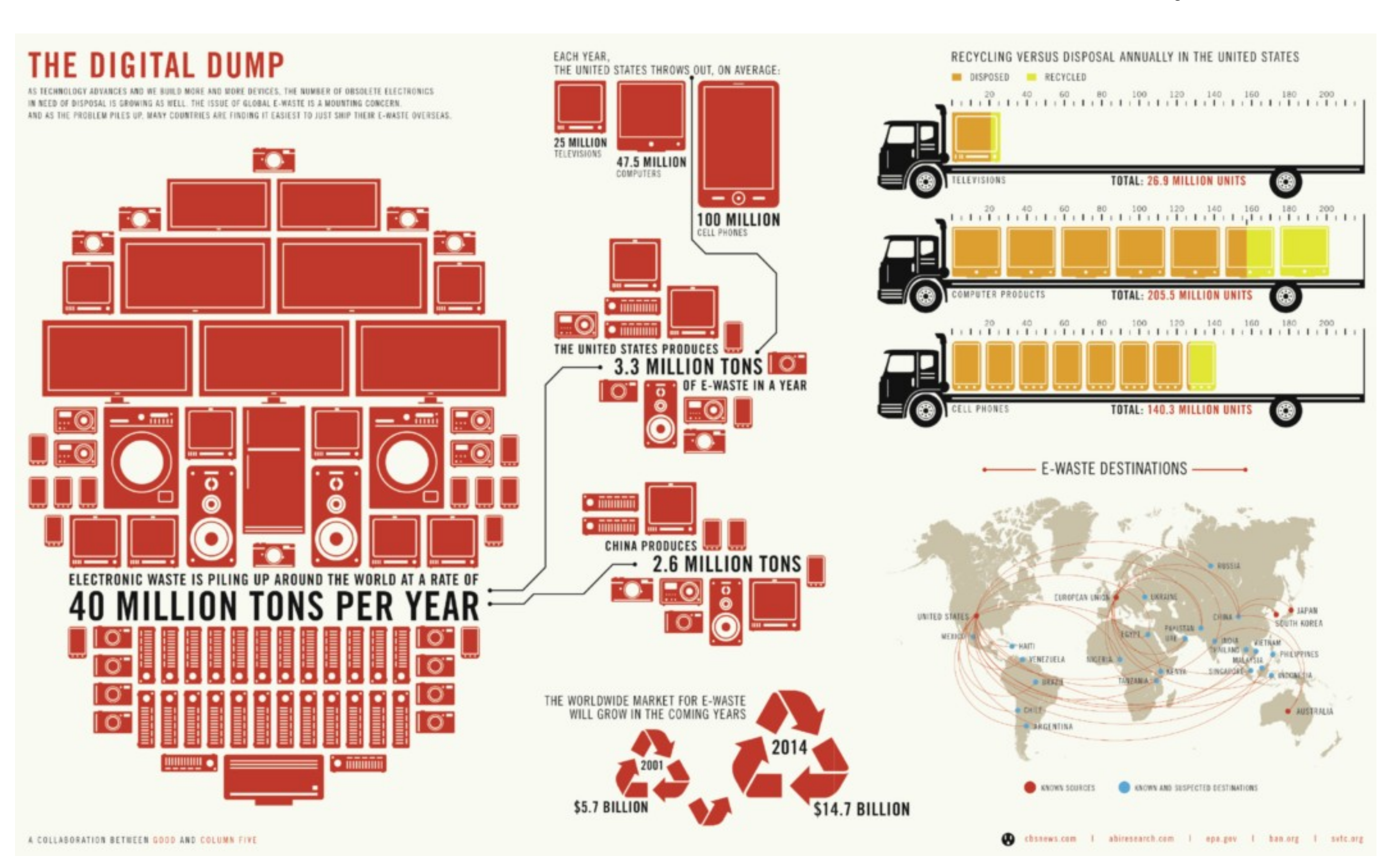
Below:

The Digital Dump

Technological devices have a rather short life-span these days, but where do they go when they die? This graphic shows the amount of digital waste produced around the globe each year. Being the world's two biggest economies, China and the US are the top producers here. The graphic combines several elements to show different aspects of the problem. The trucks to the right demonstrate how little of this waste is actually being recycled. But how do people get rid of it then? The map beneath illustrates the alternative option: a lot of waste is being shipped to countries which have more space to dump it somewhere.

Design/Art Direction: Andrew Effendy/Ross Crooks for the website of GOOD *magazine, 2010, USA*

> **"Information is validated by understanding. We are what we understand."**
>
> —Richard Saul Wurman





MAJOR AMERICAN WARS
1775 1812 1846 1861 1895 1917 1939 1950 1955 1991 2001
1812 1857 1872 1892 1811 1906 1915 1812 1992 1952 1927
MAJOR EARTHQUAKES IN CONTIGUOUS UNITED STATES

Previous page:

Earthquakes and Wars

This drawing maps posited similarities between wars and earthquakes in the US, including data concerning their duration, location, etc. It was created starting from both the top and bottom with thin vertical stripes for each event. The numerics of each particular year determine the length of the thin stripes in inches. From these, more irregularly shaped labels emerge, indicating further data for each event.
Connecting the loose ends of these labels created a butterfly shape in the center. John J. O'Connor emphasised this shape for its reference to the butterfly effect, a term from chaos theory. The piece is deceptive: instead of actually visualizing information, the artist gets lost in the data in order to let it create its own visual shape.

Design: John J. O'Connor, drawing, 2003, USA

Above:

Body Parts

With the option of replacing dysfunctional body-parts through surgery, replacement human organs have become a somewhat creepy commodity. This piece does the maths and shows the market value of all body parts and organs.
As this is more of a financial issue, designer Peter Grundy didn't opt for a medical type of illustration, but located each organ on an abstract body map and tagged it with its open-market price. The funny graphical body conception serves as an effective antidote to the uncomfortable idea of us being worth roundabout as much as a small car.

Design/Art Direction: Peter Grundy/Alex Breuer, for Esquire magazine, 2006, UK

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Back to the future

Buildings as molecules—visionary architecture in postwar Japan

Metabolism talks

Rem Koolhaas and Hans Ulrich Obrist interview surviving members: the story of the Metabolists and how they used biological systems (aided by Japan's massive advances in technology) as inspiration for buildings and cities that could change and adapt to the vicissitudes of postwar modern life in Japan

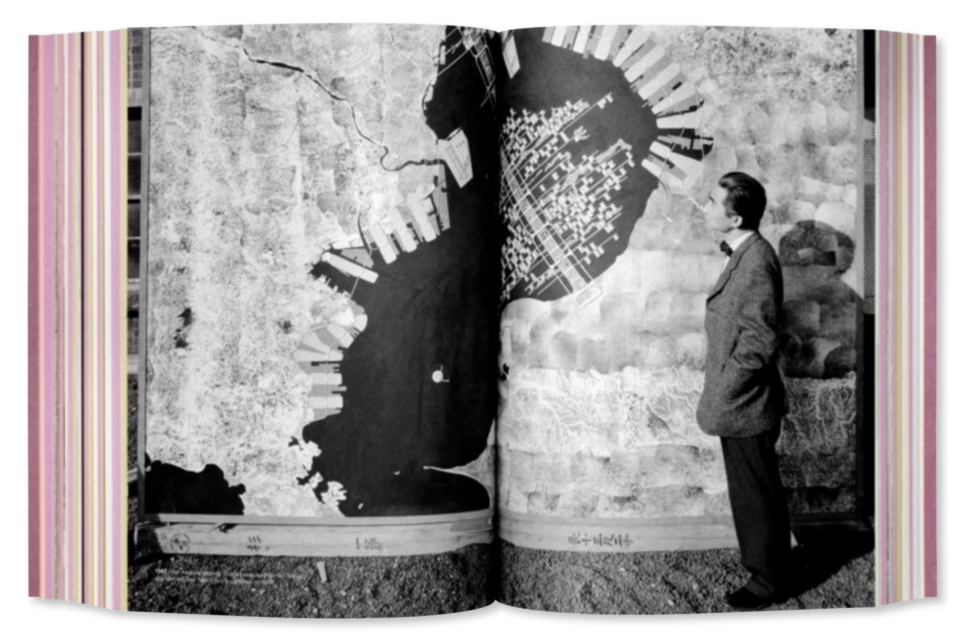
What is a Movement? A form of conspiracy? A shoal of fish changing direction in a single flash? A form of trapeze, an unstable human pyramid? Or simply a crisis that erupts between geniuses to make it unthinkable to go on in the "old" way? Almost like a text/handbook, Project Japan reconstructs the history of Metabolism, the last movement that changed architecture. It documents Metabolism's meticulous preparations, the

> "The diversity of the group that he collects is astonishing—a kaleidoscopic inventory of the Japanese psyche."

assembly of its component parts—in this case, mostly human—its aims, its revolutionary content, its detonation, the extent of its fallout, and its global reach.
Why look (and listen) again to a Japanese avant-garde that engineered its appearance on the world stage 50 years ago and disappeared 25 years later in the bonfire of neoliberalism?
At a moment when the connection between architects and their "own" culture has dwindled to insignificance, and the market has dissolved any connective tissue between architects, it seemed urgent to listen to the survivors of a group of architects who reimagined their fatherland with radical new tools recognizably derived from its traditions, who saw their country and its transformation as a project, who worked together in a strategic alliance to achieve greater prominence and credibility, in a sustained intellectual effort that mobilized a vast range of other disciplines.
In the mid-'30s, a belligerent, imperial Japan invaded China, ostensibly to construct a "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" that would eventually include Thailand, Vietnam, Burma, Indonesia. Ten years later, two atom bombs completed the near-destruction of their own country; to seal their humiliation, the occupying forces imposed democracy on the losers. The same architects and planners who had in the '30s, for the first time, projected vast new settlements on wide open foreign vistas, were now confronted at home with their own cities transformed into radioactive ruins… From utopia to tabula rasa in less than half a generation. But modern architecture survived: Unlike Germany, but like Italy, the values of Japan's pre-war regime were projected through it; ironically, the radical reversal of political fortunes could only be expressed in the same language…
Architecture is a deeply contradictory profession. Its actions intersect with a huge range of unrelated domains; at the same time, its core—to build—is so complex that it requires extreme focus and concentration. Sadly, therefore, it is largely inhabited by two human typologies; "builders" and "thinkers," united in mutual irritation. Kenzo Tange was both.
Tange died in 2005, the very year we began our interviews, and withdrew from public life almost a decade earlier. Like Tokyo, a mass surrounding a central void, this book of conversations is constructed around his absence. But it is a book about him. Without Tange, no Metabolism.
Tange emerges from these interviews as a nurturing and yet calculating figure, someone who combines an exceptional pedagogical range with a marked generosity towards other talents, on which, in return, he depends.
Japan invaded its Asian neighbors to share the benefits of Japan-ness. Tange was part of that campaign. His winning designs in Bangkok (for a Japan-Thai Cultural Center) and in Japan were shrewd amalgamations of traditional aesthetics and modern thinking: 50% past, 50% future. This hybrid DNA gave him a key advantage at the beginning of his post-World War II career to exploit himself and to implant in his students.
In a seamless continuity between Tange Lab—his base at Tokyo University—and his house-office, he works on three conceptual fronts simultaneously: the reinforcement of the social status of the profession, the credibility of design, the reinvention of the architect.
Tange creates a milieu, a biotope for the easy mingling of artists, intellectuals, and architects, foreigners and Japanese, men and women (unusual for Japan at that time). Talents are discovered, nourished, (re)programmed, embedded, married, in an almost domestic intimacy that gives Tange invaluable professional and personal insights into the potential, character, strengths, and weaknesses of those he would eventually engineer together as a "movement": Metabolism.
For Tange, it was not enough to turn Japan



Above: Nascent Metabolists, and their mentor Kenzo Tange, gather at Kikutake's housewarming party for his recently completed Sky House, 1958
Opposite: Kisho Kurokawa, Capsule Summer House K, Karuizawa 1972







into a platform for architecture; his boldest ambition—extreme for an architect on the losing side of World War II—was to invent himself as an international architect and to pass on that identity to a next generation of Japanese colleagues, like a relay. In 1960, a confident Japan conceives a World Design Conference as a launchpad, and invites the international avant-garde...

A masterplanner is someone who does not leave fingerprints on success. If so, it was perhaps Tange's masterstroke to leave in 1959 for America, to absorb new knowl-

"Architecture is largely inhabited by two human typologies; 'builders' and 'thinkers,' united in mutual irritation. Kenzo Tange was both."

edge and develop fresh ideas with new students at MIT, leaving instructions for his offspring to transform themselves into Metabolists in his absence.

Tange returns in time for the conference and distributes the stellar young Metabolists—Kurokawa, the youngest, is only 26—systematically across the panels, mixed with their world-famous counterparts.

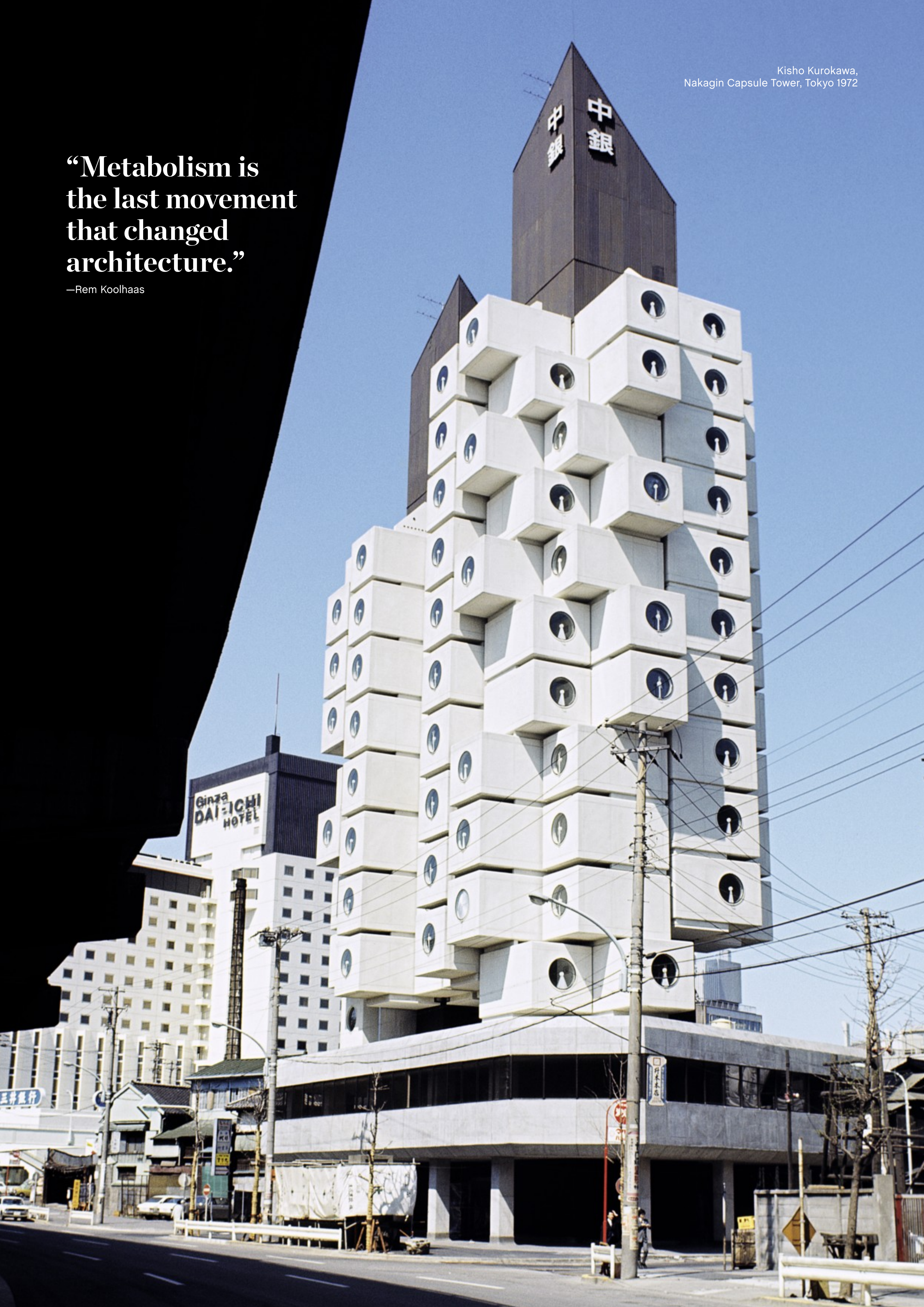
The diversity of the group that he collects is astonishing. Solid introverts, meditative poets, charismatic wunderkinder, feudalists, provincials, revolutionaries, cosmopolitans, thinkers, doers, fanatics, mystics—a kaleidoscopic inventory of the Japanese psyche. Yet the sum of the Metabolists' individual obsessions, a surprisingly comprehensive repertoire, covers all possible conditions in Japan except straightforward coverage of the ground.

Ironically, the moment of the Metabolists' first appearance as a collective is also the start of their individual careers—the growing economic vigor of the country produces the centrifugal forces that demand recognizable agents.

Now three additional powers—bureaucracy, business, and media—reinforce the momentum. Their meeting ground is Japan's "impossibility." The diagnosis rests on three interlocking vulnerabilities that together imply a manifesto for the total transformation of the country—Project Japan.

a. The Archipelago had run out of space: mostly mountainous, the surfaces fit for settlement are subdivided in microscopic, centuries old, owner patchworks.

b. Earthquakes and tsunamis make all construction precarious; urban concentrations



Kisho Kurokawa,
Nakagin Capsule Tower, Tokyo 1972

“Metabolism is the last movement that changed architecture.”

—Rem Koolhaas







such as Tokyo and Osaka are susceptible to potentially devastating wipe-outs.
c. Modern technology and design offer possibilities for transcending Japan's structural weakness, but only if they are mobilized systematically, almost militaristically, searching for solutions in all directions, on the land, on the sea, in the air...
[...]
The 1973/74 Oil Crisis stops Japan's revolution in its tracks. The Arab world reveals Japan's Achilles heel: As owners of the oil, they control its lifeblood. But with perfect timing, this reversal ironically launches Tange, and with him the Metabolists, into a final phase, triggered by the combined demands of independencies in Africa, modernizing Islam in North Africa and the Middle East, and the emergence of Singapore (where the Metabolist aesthetic is first established on the scale of an entire city state, not by the Japanese, but by gifted locals). From 1960 to 1980, Japan's architects, not associated with the West, offer

"Three interlocking vulnerabilities imply a manifesto for the total transformation of the country—Project Japan."

the defining alternative to Western aesthetics in an arc from Nigeria to the Arab peninsula across Southeast Asia. As Metabolism expands, its energy is slowly spent.
It has been a gripping experience to meet, at my age, the protagonists of an older movement—sharing revelations—a radical memento mori, extended over six years of interviews, a confrontation with mortality in a profession that pretends to eternal life... Perhaps old age requires strategy more than any other period in life. The conversations demonstrated touchingly that it is more crucial to exploit your limitations than to survive your gifts. As memory weakens, vision is the only option.

Rem Koolhaas

Opposite: Kisho Kurokawa achieving levitation, 1970

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Rem Koolhaas interviewing Arata Isozaki in his favorite gourmet restaurant, Tokyo 1972

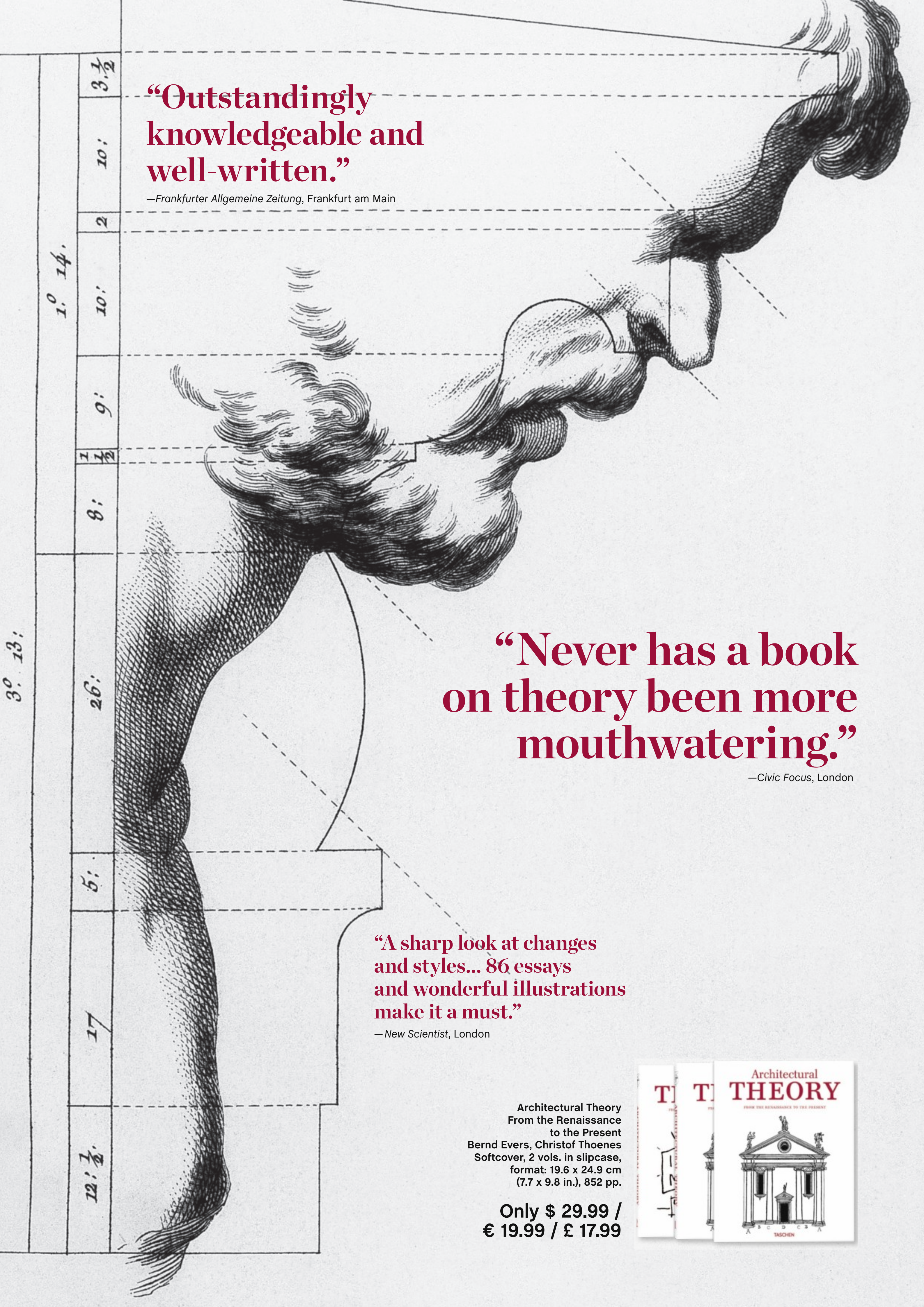
Rem Koolhaas is a co-founder of the Office for Metropolitan Architecture. Having worked as a journalist and scriptwriter before becoming an architect, in 1978 he published *Delirious New York*. In 1995, his book *S,M,L,XL* summarized the work of OMA and established connections between contemporary society and architecture. Amongst many international awards and exhibitions he received the Pritzker Prize (2000) and the Praemium Imperiale (2003). **Hans Ulrich Obrist** (born 1968) is a curator, critic and historian. He is currently Co-director of exhibitions and programmes and Director of International Projects at the Serpentine Gallery, London. Obrist is the author of *The Interview Project*, an extensive ongoing project of interviews.

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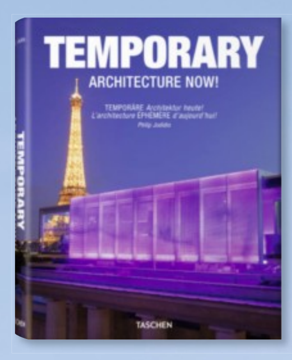
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Massimiliano and Doriana Fuksas,
Set Design for Medea and Oedipus at Colonus.
Photo: Maurizio Marcato

Wolfgang Tillmans looks back

… on a nearly two-decade-long collaboration with TASCHEN



More than 17 years ago you published your first book with TASCHEN. How did your collaboration with TASCHEN start?
All this took place in 1993 in Cologne, which was the center of the German art world then. I had my first solo show with Daniel Buchholz in the back room of a small antiques shop he ran with his father. The then TASCHEN editor Burkhard Riemschneider was one of the first to buy a print from the exhibition. At a dinner at Daniel's house I asked Burkhard if he could imagine for me to do a book. A few months later he took Angelika Muthesius, then editor in chief at TASCHEN, to the gallery, where she fell in love with some of my pieces. In the meantime I had started editing a dummy made out of color xeroxes, which was finished by Christmas 1993 and which I showed to Angelika and Benedikt in Cologne. Friends thought it was premature to publish a major book at the age of 25, but I knew this work needed to get out. Thank God Benedikt thought so too.

Your first book *Tillmans* was an instant success. Was that due to the "Zeitgeist"?
I guess my gut feeling was right. I myself felt that I was not represented by the photography around at the time, so I had to make my own language and codes to express what life felt like to me. By the time the book came out its newness and relevance were suddenly clear. But one shouldn't forget that the work and book were also not universally loved, a lot of people just didn't get it and thought they were just snapshots.

Above: Wolfgang Tillmans at TASCHEN headquarters, Cologne, 1994

Opposite: Wolfgang Tillmans, *Freischwimmer 14*, 2003

Under what circumstances was *Burg* created?
Putting a strongly recognizable body of work out at a relatively young age freed and encouraged me to focus on the things that were not yet fully developed but nevertheless of equal interest to me. Like still lifes, the drapery pictures of thrown or hung to dry clothes, land- and cityscapes as well as astronomical pictures. In 1997, as plans were already under way for the second book, tragedy struck through the sudden death of my partner. Work on the book called *Burg,* as in a love name for rock or fortress, became a way of quietly mourning Jochen and the time we had together. The book still has a positive outlook, but is more contemplative.

How important is the book *truth study center* for you today?
There's been a gap of seven years between *Burg* and *tsc*. It was coincidental but I still believe in seven year cycles. In the early 2000s I was publishing a number of museum catalogs as well as smaller artist's books. In 2004 I was newly in love with Anders and the time seemed right to look at the recent past as a whole in my work, looking at the different genres, old ones as well as new ones like the conceptual 'paper drop' works or the abstract pictures. It was also a time of great political concern to me and questions about ideology and fundamentalism resurfaced after the less so inclined '90s. The importance of study and observation on the one hand, and the danger of claims of absolute truths by religious and political leaders on the other hand were on my mind a lot. The Iraq war dominated and that's even how Tony Blair made it into the book: through his unfounded claims that there were WMD in Iraq, he was a good bad example. The title of the book is meant ambigiously, partially tongue in cheek, partially an unattainable goal. Later I gave the same title to a group of installations exploring political issues. A short answer to your question: Yes, the book still is important to me.

You have realized books with different publishers. What do you like about the collaboration with TASCHEN?
A common understanding is that there is more freedom with smaller companies and less freedom with the majors. The later half of the statement I have found to be completely untrue with TASCHEN. As an author I'm given full control over content and design of my books. I have a strong interest in designing my own books and that freedom I have at TASCHEN as much as with a small art publisher. I hear that this is an exception in the big publishing world. Once the book is in the works, it's a pleasure to work with the same great production team, headed by Horst Neuzner, on each book. A continuity not to be taken for granted. And then the whole publishing and press part of the company puts every effort and enthusiasm into getting the book seen and written about. Benedikt has a great eye for what can be done and what not, and before presenting a new project I'm still as nervous as the first time. TASCHEN combines the personal touch of a small publishing house with the reach and distribution of one of the world's biggest publishing houses.

What, for you, is the distinctive charm of the re-edition of your three TASCHEN books?
I very much like how the smaller scale makes them more like novels, books to read. At a combined 530 pages there is a lot to discover and even for myself to rediscover. Of course I love the original editions, but they are also available secondhand somewhere.

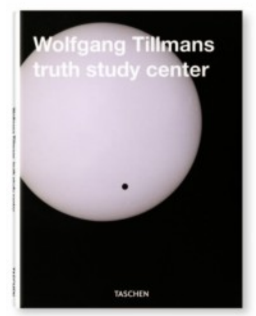
Is there a special anecdote in the context of any of your book signings that you enjoy recalling?
The launch of my first book at the Atlantic in London got a bit out of hand. The queue went around the block and even Benedikt couldn't get in, until he, in good humour but firmly, reminded the door people that he was actually paying for it all.

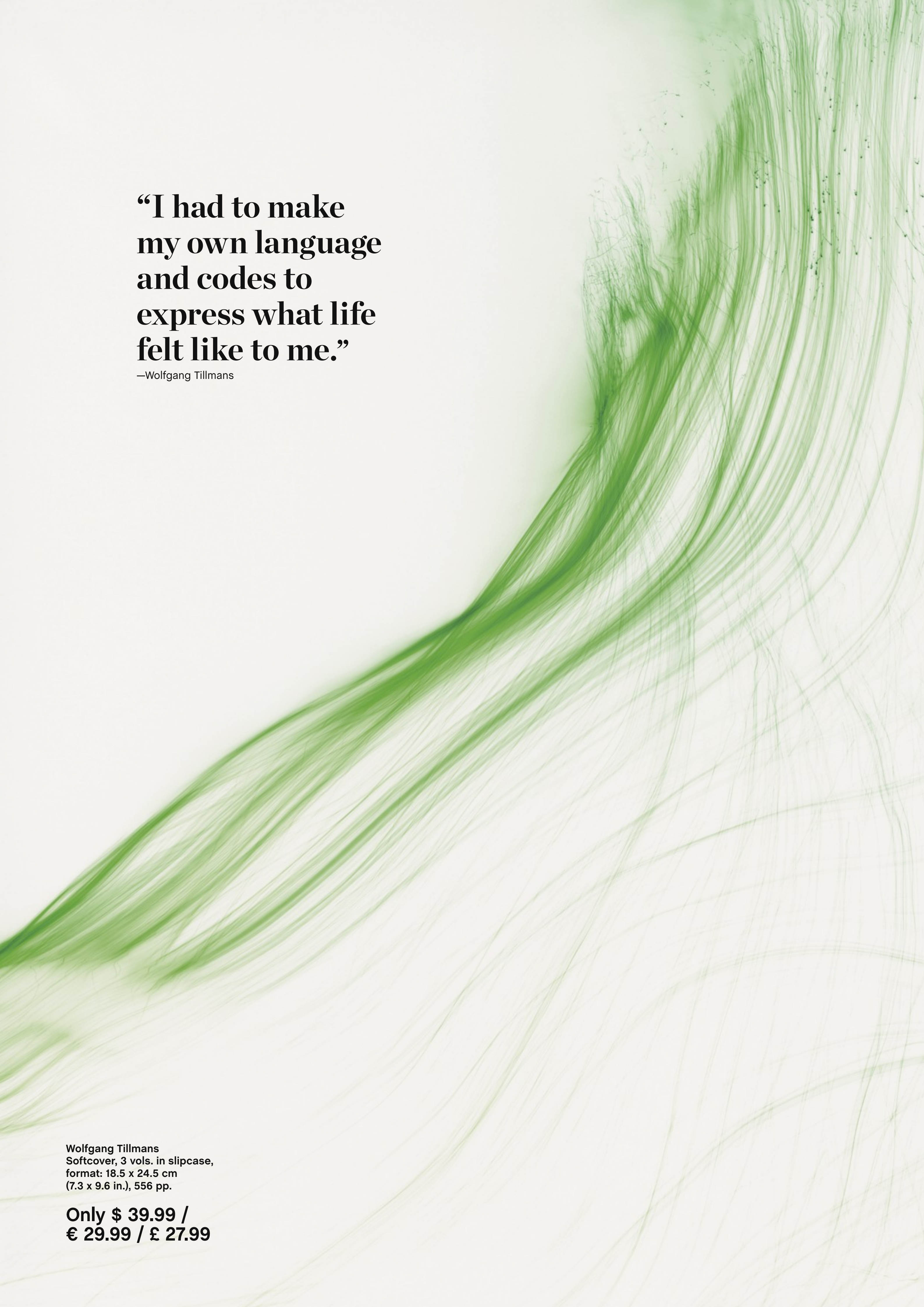
Wolfgang Tillmans in conversation with editor Simone Philippi

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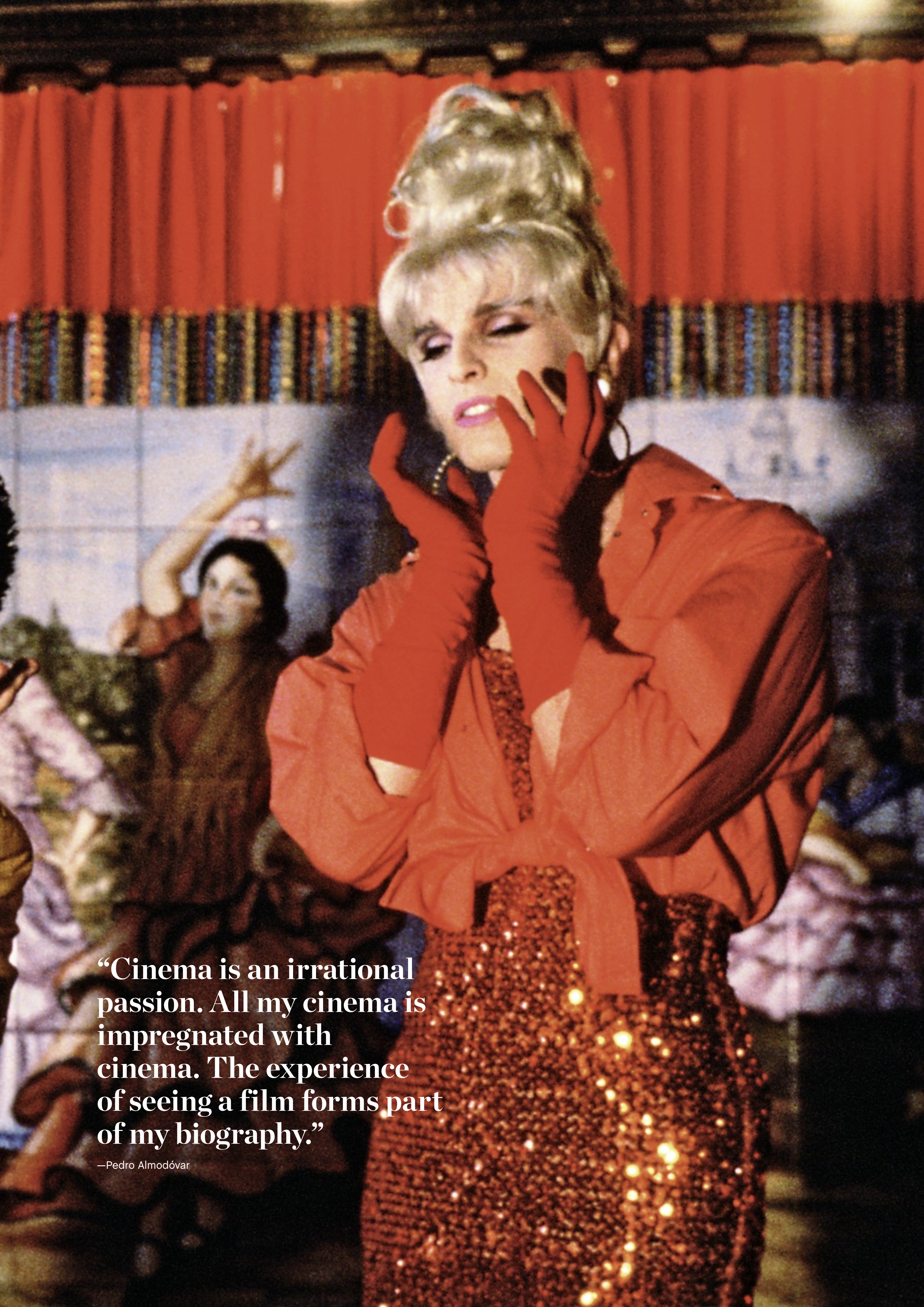


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On the set of *High Heels* (1991). With Miguel Bosé (here as Femme Letal) rehearsing "Un año de amor"/ "A Year of Love," a hit from Becky del Páramo's pop period. After the film opened, the song became an instant classic among European transvestites



“Cinema is an irrational passion. All my cinema is impregnated with cinema. The experience of seeing a film forms part of my biography.”

—Pedro Almodóvar

Some Notes About *The Skin I Live In*

By Pedro Almodóvar

There are irreversible processes, roads of no return, one-way journeys. *The Skin I Live In* tells the story of one of those processes. The protagonist travels one of those roads against her will; she is forced violently to set out on a journey from which she cannot return. Her Kafkaesque story is the result of a sentence handed down by a jury made up of just one person, her worst enemy. The verdict, therefore, is a form of extreme revenge. *The Skin I Live In* tells the story of that revenge.

The first images in the film show a mansion surrounded by trees, an idyllic place. It's called El Cigarral, and it's protected by stone walls and a high, barred gate. Through one of the mansion's windows, also barred, we can make out a female figure in motion. Once we are inside the room, the woman seems to be naked as she carries out a series of complicated yoga positions. In the close-ups we discover that she isn't naked, she is totally covered by a flesh-colored body stocking that clings to her like a second skin. In the kitchen, Marilia, the housekeeper, prepares the woman's breakfast, which she then sends up in a dumbwaiter that opens directly into the room.

From the outset, El Cigarral is portrayed as a prison in the midst of nature. The first

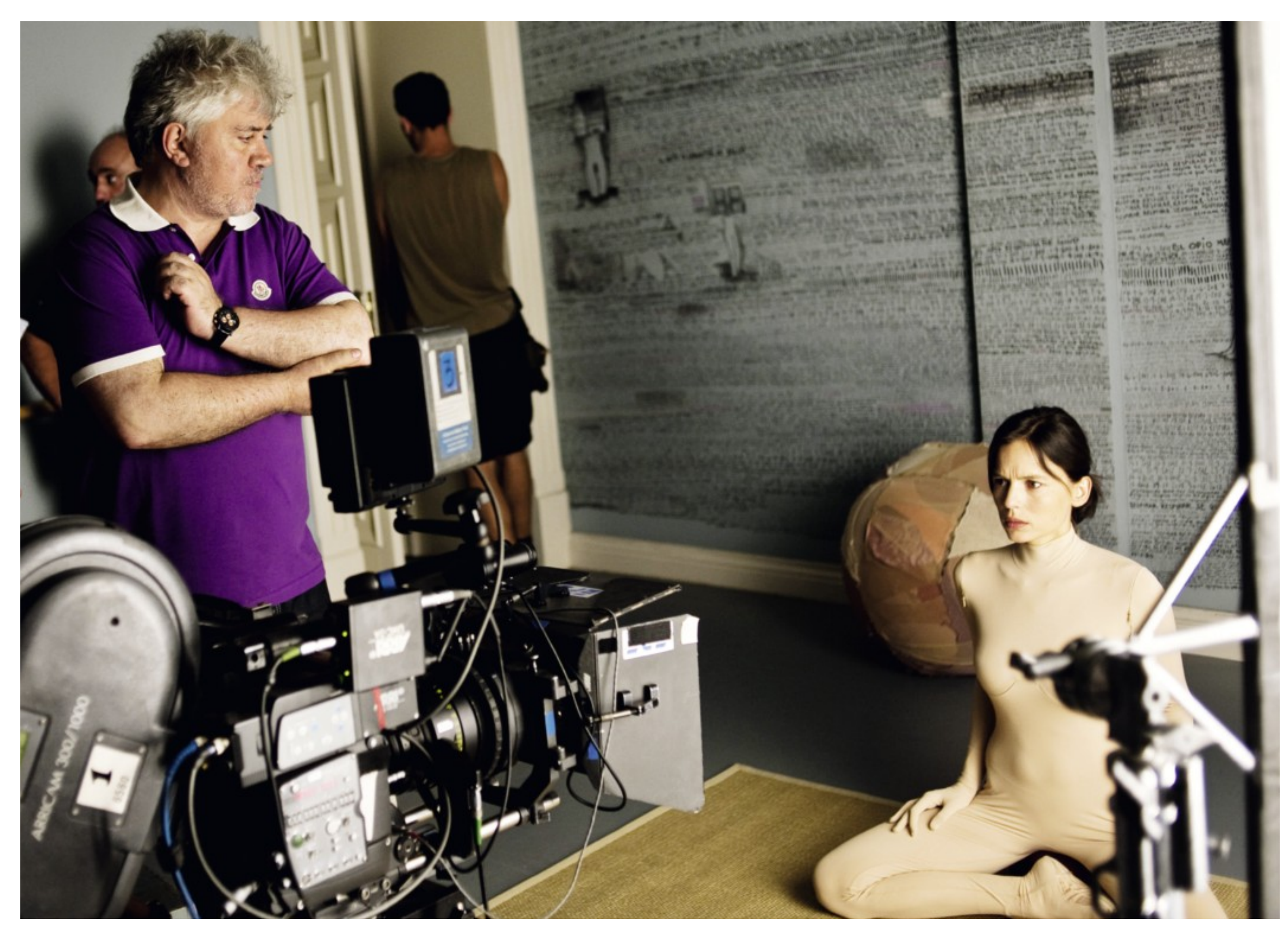
"Skin is the frontier that separates us from others: It determines the race to which we belong, it reflects our emotions and our roots."

actions that show us Vera, the captive woman concentrating on her yoga positions, and Marilia, her jailer, seem strangely routine, lacking in any tension. But life in El Cigarral wasn't always so peaceful.

In her six years of enforced reclusion, Vera has lost, among other things, the most extensive part of the human body, her own skin.

Skin is the frontier that separates us from others: It determines the race to which we belong, it reflects our emotions and our roots, whether biological or geographic. Many times it reflects the state of the soul, but the skin isn't the soul. Although Vera has changed her skin, she hasn't lost her identity. (Identity and its invulnerability is another of the film's themes.) This is only one of the many losses that leave Vera on the verge of death, by her own desire or in the operating room. But she is a born survivor and she decides that "she has to learn to live within her skin," even if it is a skin imposed by Dr. Robert. Once she has accepted her second skin, Vera makes the second most important decision in order to survive: She'll learn to wait.

Elias Canetti, in his notes on "The Enemy of Death" (a title that defines very well Vera's





Opposite: I watch Elena, who is concentrating on the next shot

Above: I arrange Elena Anaya's chin while she practices the "warrior" yoga position

Below: Dr. Robert's hands apply the skin, which he has created and cultivated, to a mannequin that is a reproduction of Vera's body

Right: The teaser, designed by Juan Gatti, is a graphic illustration of transgenesis, that is, the natural coexistence of living beings from all species and natures.

attitude to life) for *Book of the Dead—Notes 1942–1988*, writes: "...the uninterrupted pacing of a tiger behind the bars of its cage so that it won't miss the single, fleeting instant of salvation."

Curiously, that brief instant to which Canetti refers comes to Vera in the form of a tiger; or rather, a man wearing a tiger costume.

One day, during Carnival, a man in a tiger costume manages to get to the hermetically sealed door of the room where Vera is held captive. This incident breaks the impasse in which the three residents of El Cigarral have been living. Paradoxically, given the customs of Carnival, this is the moment when the characters remove their masks and the final tragedy casts its black shadow without any of them being able to do anything to prevent it.

A story of these characteristics made me

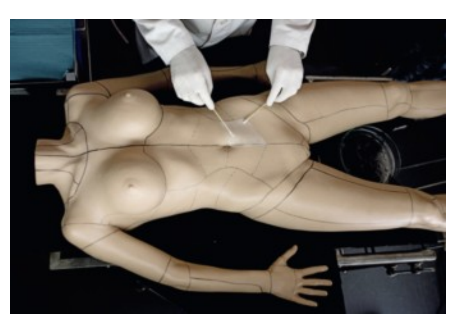
"For some months I thought seriously about making a silent film, in black and white."

think of Luis Buñuel, Alfred Hitchcock, all of Fritz Lang's films (from the gothic to the *noir*). I also thought of the pop aesthetic of Hammer horror, or the most psychedelic, kitsch style of the Italian *giallo* (Dario Argento, Mario Bava, Umberto Lenzi, Lucio Fulci...), and the lyricism of Georges Franju in *Eyes Without a Face*. After evaluating all these references, I realized that none of them fit with what I needed for *The Skin I Live In*. For some months I thought seriously about making a silent film, in black and white, with captions that showed descriptions and dialogue, paying tribute to Fritz Lang and F. W. Murnau. After doubting for months, I decided to go my own way and let myself be guided by my intuition—after all, it's what I've always done—without the shadow of the maestros of the genre, and renouncing my own cinematic memory. I only knew that I had to impose an austere narrative, free of visual rhetoric and not at all gory, although a lot of blood has been spilled in the ellipses that we don't see.

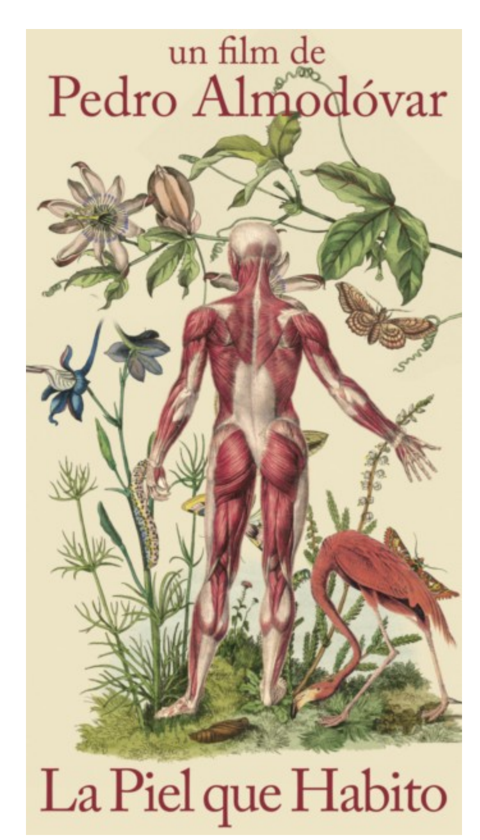
I've been accompanied on this journey by José Luis Alcaine, the director of photography, to whom I didn't explain what I wanted but rather what I didn't want; he knew how to give the photography the density, the glow, and the darkness that suited it best. The composer Alberto Iglesias, the only artist I know without an ego; tireless, versatile, patient, capable of looking in one direction and then looking in the opposite direction if I wasn't satisfied, always subject to the dictates of the story and my way of feeling it. And actors who were generous and precise, despite the obvious discomfort of some of their scenes. I'll name them all: Antonio Banderas, Elena Anaya, Marisa Paredes, Jan Cornet, Roberto Álamo, Blanca Suárez, Eduard Fernández, Susi Sánchez, Bárbara Lennie, and José Luis Gómez.

Vera and the Screens

We live surrounded by images, framed by screens of all sizes. From the immensity of



the façade of a building to a tiny cell phone whose screen is no bigger than a box of matches, we are bombarded by images of very varied origins and intentions: all kinds of control; exhaustive information, at times in its most sensationalist form; we can see a war as it's happening, death and desolation being broadcast live; of course there is also the cinema (the cinema and its reflections in the multiple screens that there are on a shoot was one of the bases of my previous film), films, espionage on an institutional or domestic scale; we can see our friends and relatives who live in distant countries on a little computer screen while we talk to them. The computer screen is an open window to everything imaginable. There are cameras on the streets, on the roads, in elevators, in our homes. The skyscrapers in *Blade Runner*, whose surfaces showed endless



advertising images, have been surpassed by any façade in Times Square. We get the impression that something is only alive when it has been previously filmed and can be projected uninterruptedly, obsessively. Constantly filming one's own family is now an everyday occurrence. The family photo album has been replaced by the film of the family members' lives. We live surrounded by living, moving images. Bad times for civil rights, it's so easy to violate them and so difficult to defend them. We're not even safe in our homes; in many cases we are being filmed by security cameras to prevent robberies or any kind of domestic incident, a slap from your husband, the babysitter who could abuse our children, or steal from us, or obtain the detailed document of how we've had sexual relations with someone



who didn't know they were being filmed. Not to mention television reality shows, families or groups of people who live in isolation, surrounded day and night by cameras and spotlights.
We are watched and we watch. There are cameras filming everywhere. Death is a deactivated screen, empty, without images.
Vera is a captive in a gray room. The room has two windows whose reticular glass panes are like a shield. There are also iron bars. The gray of the floor is only slightly grayer than that of the walls. In the upper corners of the room there are two surveillance cameras that broadcast her image on two screens installed in the large kitchen, where Marilia, the housekeeper, spends practically the whole day. On one of the walls, there is a kind of dark circular bubble, which hides the eye of another camera; its image is broadcast on a colossal screen, which covers half the wall of Dr. Robert's room.
The screens in the kitchen broadcast in black and white; always general shots that are vigilant, complementary images. The other camera, whose images only Dr. Robert can see in the privacy of his own room, broadcasts in color and is on a level with Vera. Robert can enjoy the life-size image of her, or draw her towards him with the zoom, in which case Vera's face takes over the whole room.
Cameras are present in Vera's life, as they are in people's lives today. But, as well as showing her like a captive animal, depending on her size in relation to the frame, Vera's image on the screen adds subtle, significant information to the narrative. For example, when the Tiger Man discovers her on the screens in the kitchen, Vera is doing yoga with a rubber ball (the kind used in gyms). We get the impression that he could eat Vera. (That's what he'll try to do in the following sequences.) The relationship of strengths recalls that of the blonde who won King Kong's heart and the gigantic gorilla. Nevertheless, when Robert comes into his room and switches on the television through which he can see all of Vera's room with the bed in the middle, the first thing we notice is the size of the plasma screen; centered on the wall, the screen becomes a kind of transparent partition.
When Robert goes up to the chaise longue in front of the screen and zooms in on the image of Vera until he only sees her face, Vera's face is colossal, gigantic compared to Robert's body or the dimensions of the room. You could say that Vera's face dominates the room, and certainly its inhabitant, although he is the last to realize that. In those moments of close, intimate surveillance, although Vera is the victim, her disproportionate face gives off a much greater power than that shown by Dr. Robert, who is contemplating her, entranced. It is she who seems to be watching the surgeon, and not the other way around.

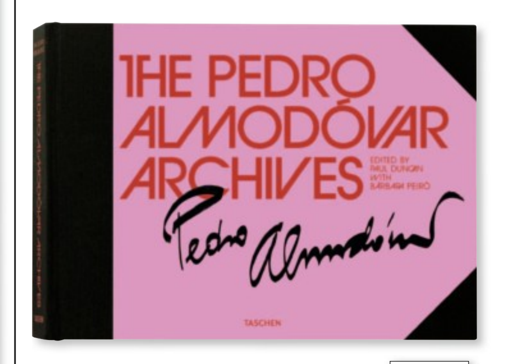
"We are watched and we watch. There are cameras filming everywhere. Death is a deactivated screen, empty, without images."

Left: Just like 20 years before, Antonio never stopped joking throughout the shoot, a sign that Hollywood hasn't changed him much

Below: Vera manages to escape from her room, but she has only taken two strides when Zeca grabs her by the feet



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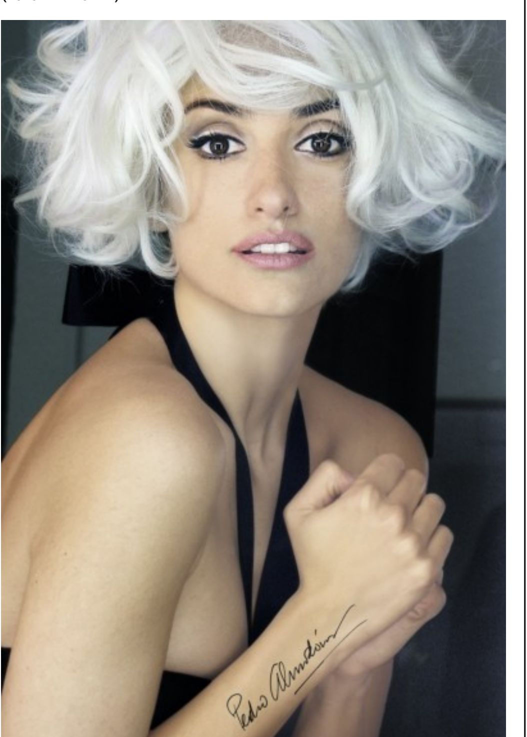


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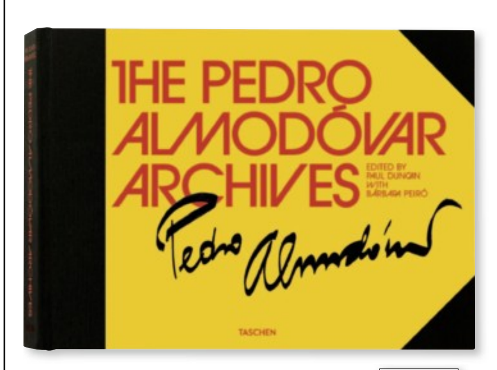
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Below: *Penélope, as Marilyn*, 2008, 26.9 x 37.2 cm (10.6 x 14.6 in.)



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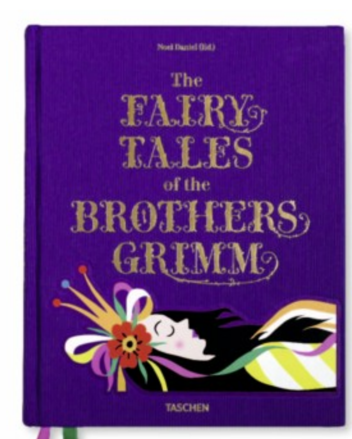
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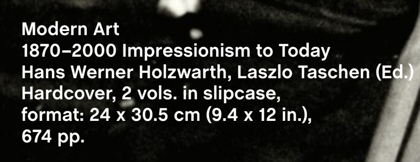


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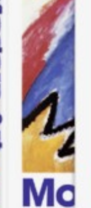
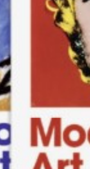
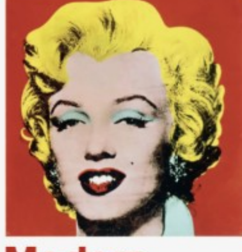
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Photo: Steve Schapiro

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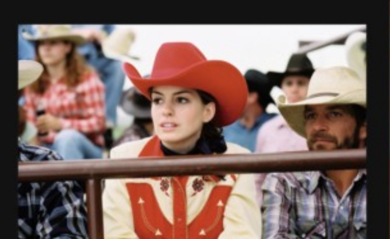
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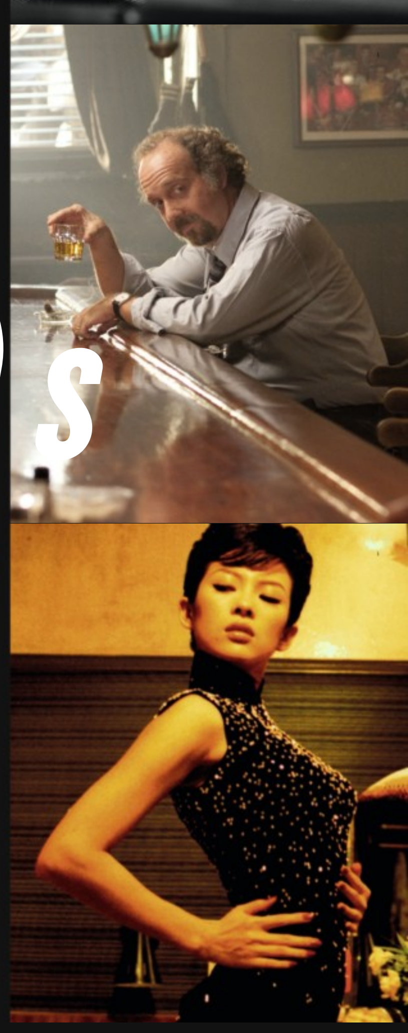


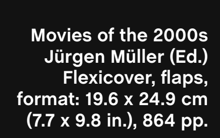






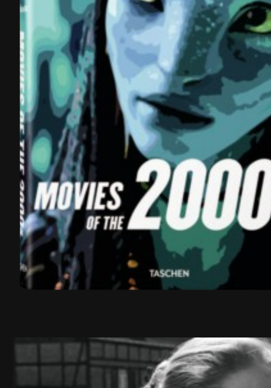


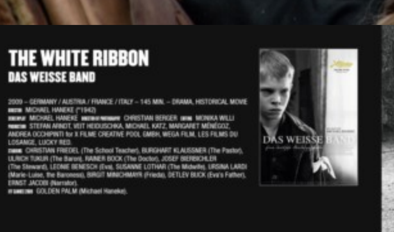




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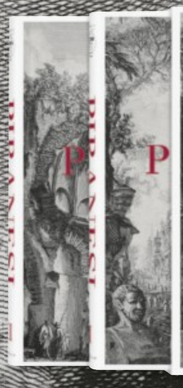
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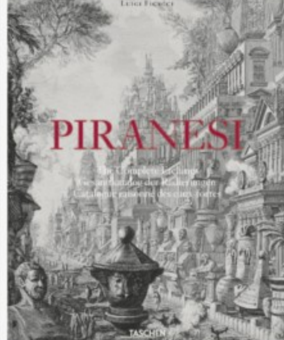
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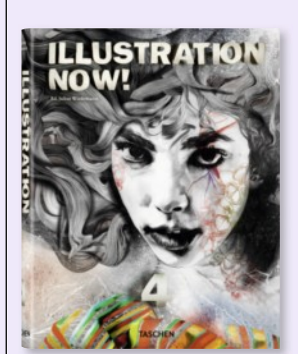


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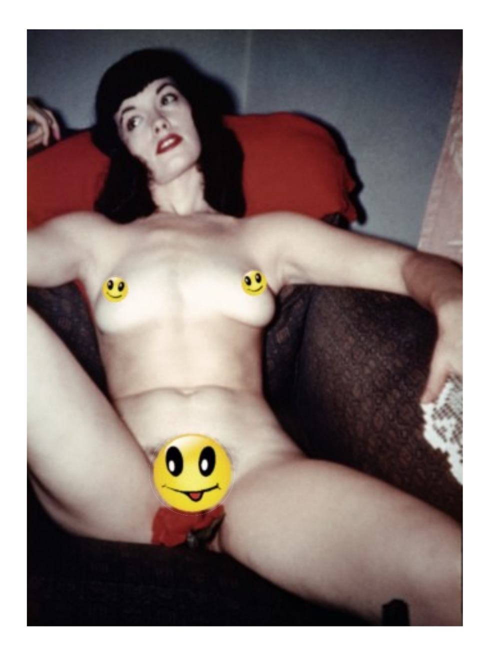
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Meow...

The cat's out of the bag



"The Chauvet Cave Venus is a huge black pubic triangle painted at eye level, flanked by prehistoric cats, a mammoth, and a mystical man-bison known as the Sorcerer."

Paleolithic cave paintings found across Europe include triangular shapes with a central cleft that can only be interpreted as pussy. A French example, called the Chauvet Cave Venus, is a huge black pubic triangle painted at eye level, flanked by prehistoric cats, a mammoth, and a mystical man-bison known as the Sorcerer. Smaller pubic triangles mark the openings to side caverns throughout the cave.

The Cave of Vulvas, found within the Tito Bustillo cave in Spanish Asturias, is decorated with hundreds of crimson painted pussies. At Chufin Cave, in the same district, vulvas surround every hole in the rock.

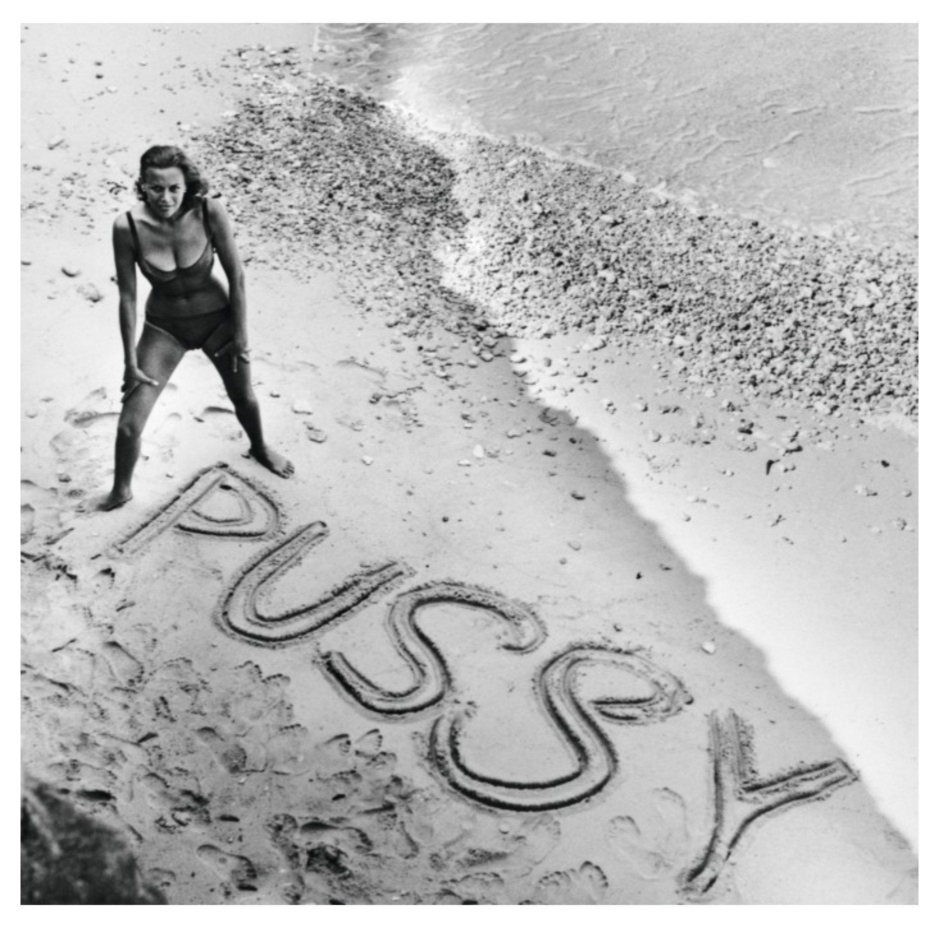
The Plains Indian tribes of North America, including Lakota, Mandan, Blackfeet, and Cheyenne, celebrated pussy and bison as the twin sources of life, and the cave paintings in the Black Hills of South Dakota mix triangular vulvas with nearly identical hoof prints.

A half world away, the walls of Australia's Carnarvon Gorge are engraved with egg-shaped vulvas, each centered with what looks like an exclamation point. The long dash and dot have been interpreted as the vaginal slit with the urethra below, representing a woman lying on her stomach, though the dot seems as likely the anus of a woman on her back. Either way, they're so numerous that the gorge has been named The Wall of One Thousand Vulvas.

Prehistoric pussy is also found in the caves of India, Thailand, South Africa, and Patagonia—in short, on every continent except Antarctica—and even in such far-flung outposts as Easter Island, where vulvas are the second-most-common theme in rock art.

More surprising than this abundance of ancient pussy is the paucity of same-period penis: Paleolithic phallic symbols are largely confined to small, talismanic carvings. If it was all about fertility—the most common assumption—had man yet to grasp that it took male and female for reproduction? Even if we accept the newer theory that cave art was simply the doodling of sex-obsessed adolescent males, what kept the horny young *Homo sapiens* from picturing cocks? It's a question unlikely to be answered, but we know that with the rise of patriarchal religion in succeeding centuries the phallus gained popularity, while the vulva assumed a darker role.

The fearsome Sheela Na Gig still squats over doorways of English and Irish churches. Pop-eyed and leering, she grasps her pussy with both hands and spreads it in grotesque pantomime of contemporary pornography. There's no consensus on the



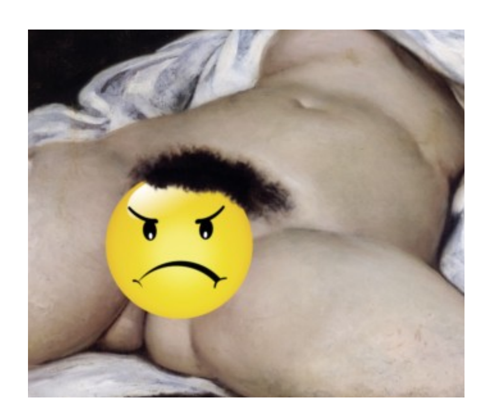
Opposite: *Young Woman with Mirror* by Mariano Vargas

Top: Bettie Page by Charles West, 1959

Right: English actress Honor Blackman, who played Pussy Galore in the James Bond film *Goldfinger*, writes her name in the sand for this 1964 promotional photo by Terry O'Neill, appropriately titled *Spelling It Out*.

The body part series wraps up with the origin of us all

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Sheela's origins or what she signifies: In their book *Images of Lust*, James Jerman and Anthony Weir claim she was born in France and Spain, and only reached the British Isles in the 12th Century, while common lore claims she's a pre-Christian pagan idol, or goddess, native to Ireland. If a goddess, she's a strange one.

With her gargoyle face, withered body, and cavernous vagina, she looks more like a demon, and her place above the door is reminiscent of the Romans nailing carvings of their phallic god Priapus over the lintel to deter thieves. With Priapus, the threat was buggery by a cock equal to his, whereas Sheela seems to tap the myth of vagina dentata, the toothed and destroying vagina. Jerman and Weir theorize that the Church invented her as a visual warning against sin, and that yawning cavity does resemble the pit of Hell.

Along the Sepik River of Papua New Guinea, villagers still carve figures resembling the Sheela Na Gig, for reasons similar to the theory above. The hewe-meri, as they're called, are incorporated into the roof supports of the men's houses as reminders to treat women well. It's believed that those who ignore the warning will be turned into women by the splay-legged crones, whose gaping red vaginas suggest the means of penectomy.

Like prehistoric pussy art, killer vagina myths exist worldwide. A Native American version stars the Terrible Mother, who can only become a normal woman when the hero breaks off her vaginal teeth. A Chinese proverb calls the vagina the "gateway to immortality" and the "executioner of men." Polynesian legend tells of the god Maui, who sought eternal life by crawling back up his mother's vagina, only to be bitten in half. Jewish myth names the pussy beth shenayim, which translates to the *toothed place*, while Christians of the Middle Ages thought that witches could grow vaginal fangs, the better to catch men and drag them to Hell. Which pretty much confirms the origins of the Sheela Na Gig.

Odd that such groundless anxiety is so universal. Sigmund Freud theorized that vagina fear springs from the young boy's assumption that everyone has a penis. When he first sees a vulva he assumes the penis has been lost, and realizes he could lose his too, sparking a lifetime of castration anxiety. Though it seems a stretch—didn't those Polynesians run around naked?—Freud's theory is the best explanation we have. But really, men, we all know there are no toothed vaginas, right?

The least understood part of the pussy is the hymen, a near-mythical body part few ever see. To judge by the fiction I received at my old sex magazines, most think it's located somewhere up near the cervix, when in fact it covers the entrance to the vagina and is perfectly visible when intact. You know those irregular fleshy bits that ring a woman's vaginal opening? They're the remains of the hymen. Stitch them together—popular in some cultures—you have instant virgin. Even harder than locating a hymen is finding its physiological purpose. Even if we accept the traditional notion that God wants women sealed up until holy and everlasting

> **"In this matriarchal society she with the biggest stick wields the power, and any male that forgets is forced to lick the dominant female's clitoris until he remembers his place."**

marriage, we face the dilemma of why promiscuous horses, whales, and moles also have hymens. Better to accept it as a curious



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Opposite left: *L’origine du monde* by Gustave Courbet, 1866

Opposite bottom: Anon.

Left: One of 62 over-painted photographs created by fetish artist Eric Stanton in the 1970s. Stanton selected his photos from adult magazines and then embellished the faces and figures, sometimes adding clothing, but always inserting a male figure between the legs, held tightly in thrall to the power of the pussy

relic of fetal development and turn our attention to an organ with a clear and pleasant purpose, say, the clitoris, from Greek kleitoris, meaning divine.

In the beginning, the clitoris and penis are the same organ, a tiny bud of skin and nerve cells that differentiates eight weeks after conception. By birth the clitoris is complete and fully functional, just waiting to be discovered by an inquisitive hand—or fin or paw, as it’s common to all female mammals. Most are of modest size, like the human clitoris, which measures, on average, 16 millimeters, or .63 of an inch long, while a few, belonging to lemurs, squirrel monkeys, and the Asian binturong, are big enough to be called pseudopenises. The biggest clitoris, a good seven inches long, belongs to the spotted hyena, which urinates, copulates, and gives birth through her clit. High uterine testosterone levels are responsible for her enlarged clitoris, and for making female spotted hyenas far bigger and meaner than males. In this matriarchal society she with the biggest stick wields the power, and any male that forgets is forced to lick the dominant female’s clitoris until he remembers his place. Yes, it sounds like an S/M fantasy, but it’s just nature reminding us once again that biology is destiny.



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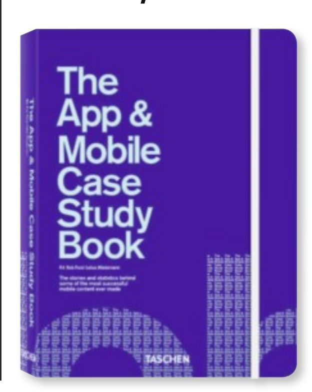
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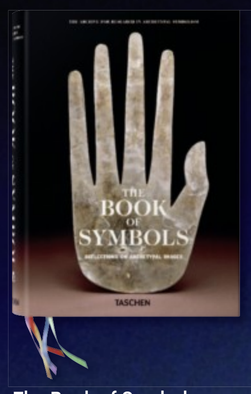
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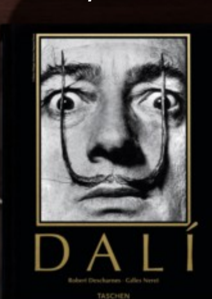


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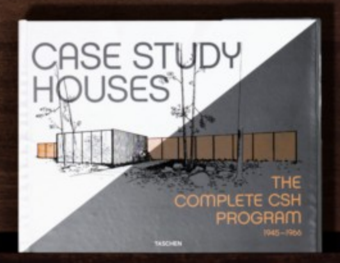
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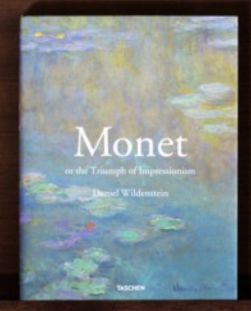
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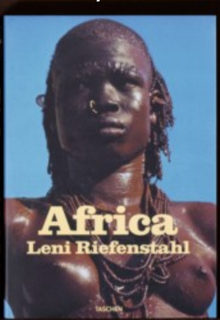
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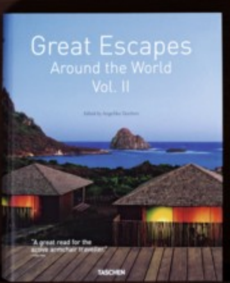
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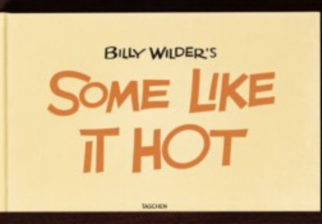
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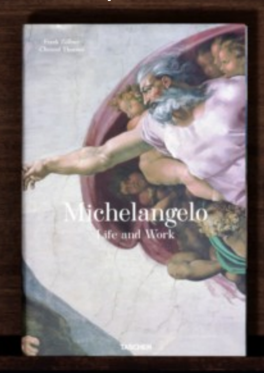
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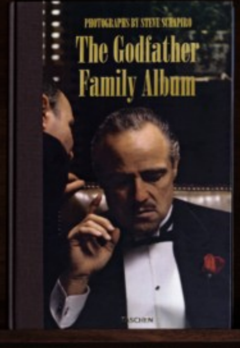
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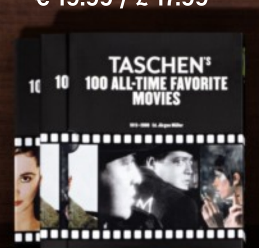
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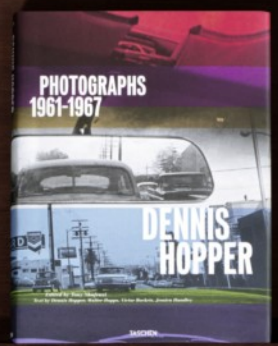
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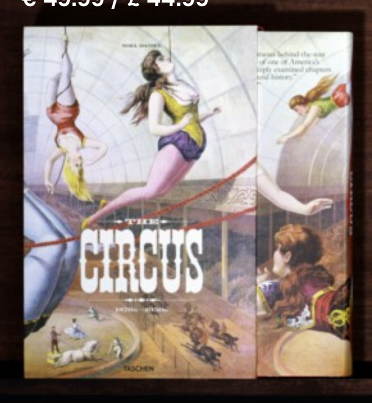
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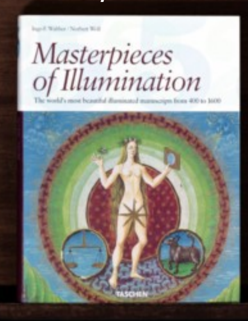
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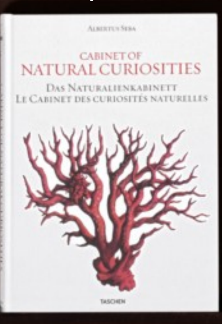
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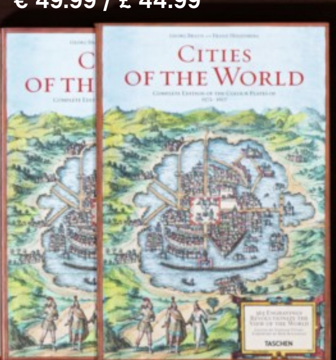
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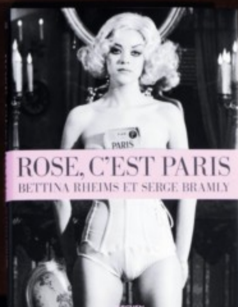
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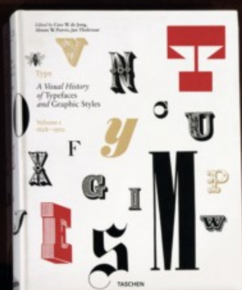
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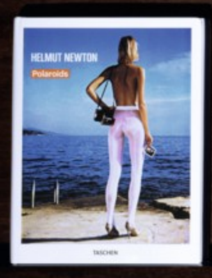
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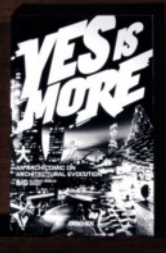
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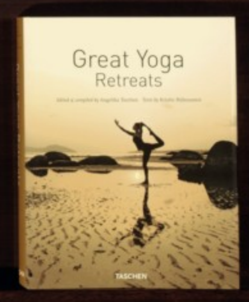
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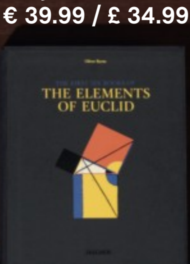
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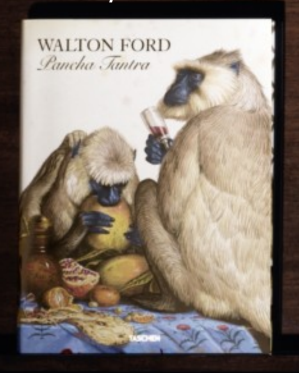
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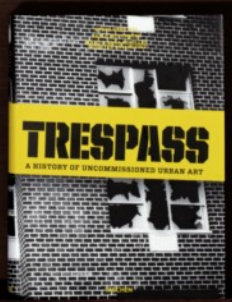
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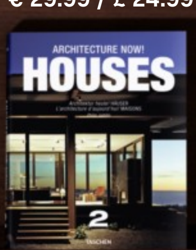
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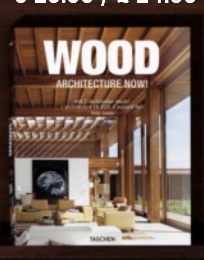
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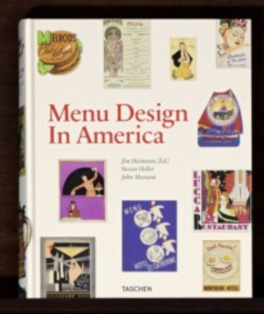
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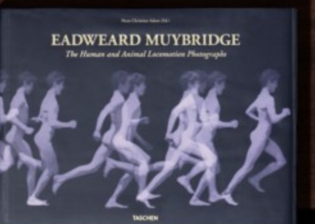
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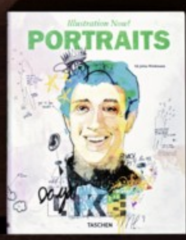
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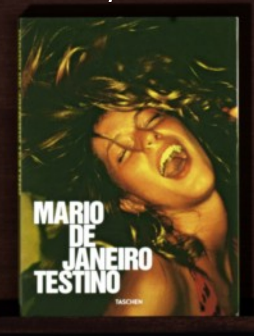
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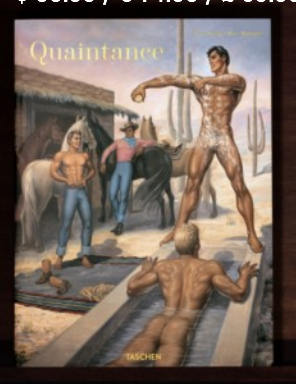
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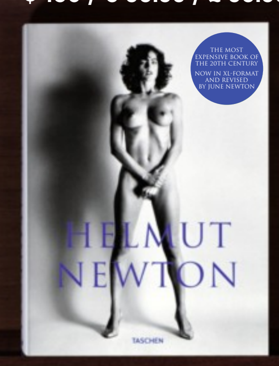
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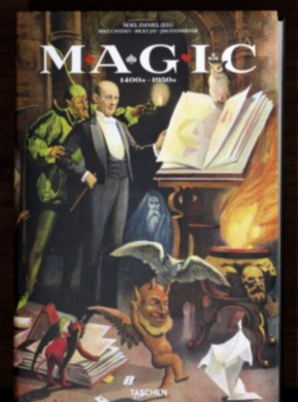
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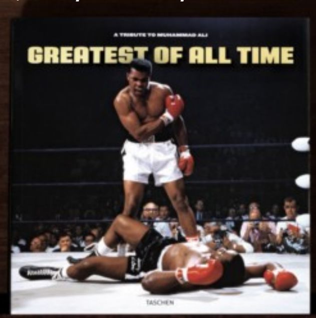
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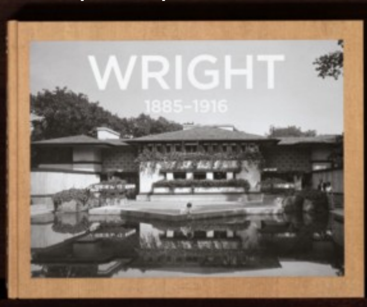
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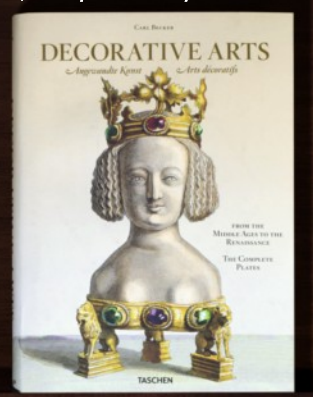

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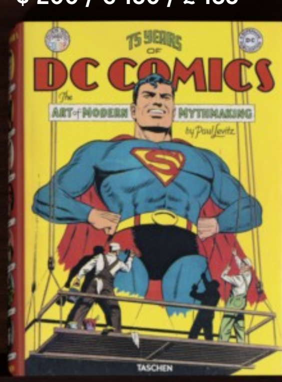
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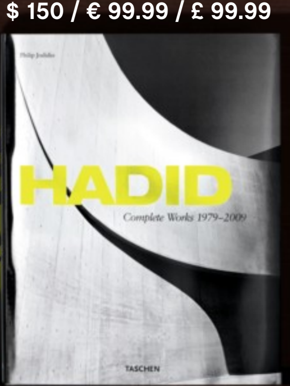
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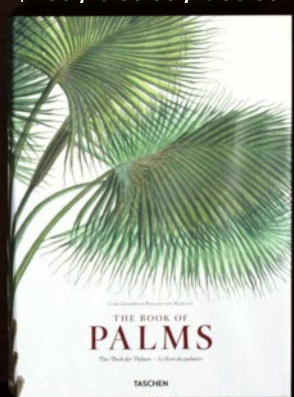
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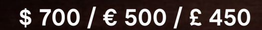
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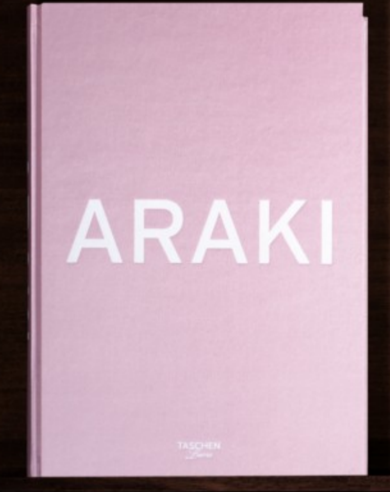


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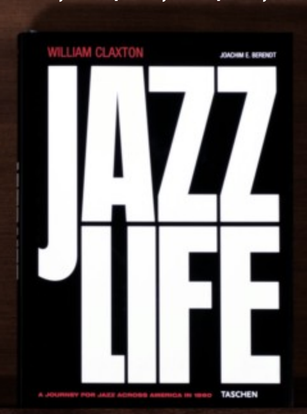
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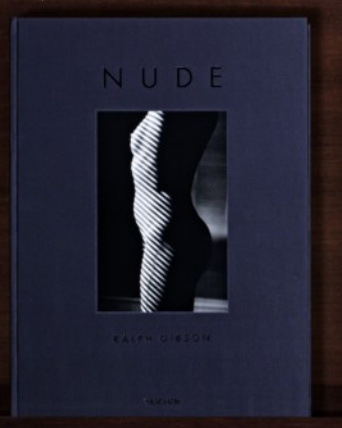
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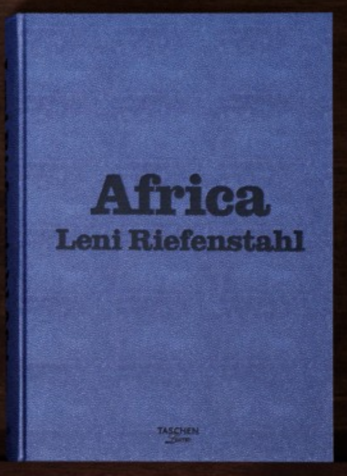
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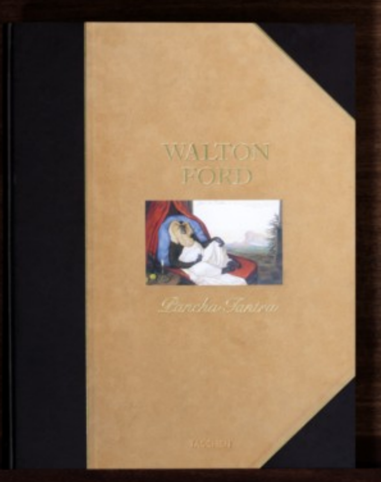
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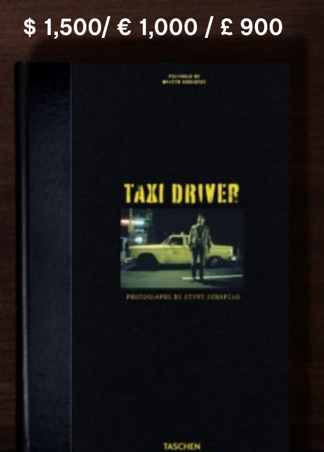
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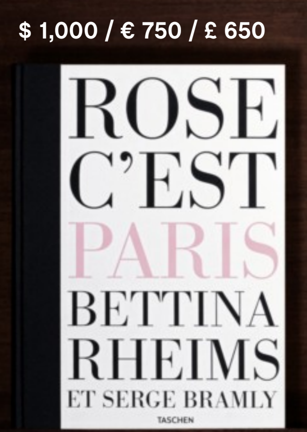
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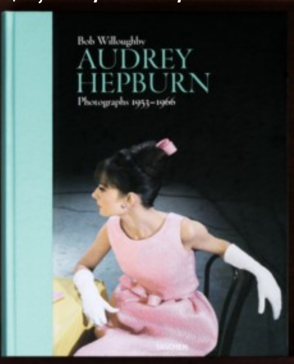
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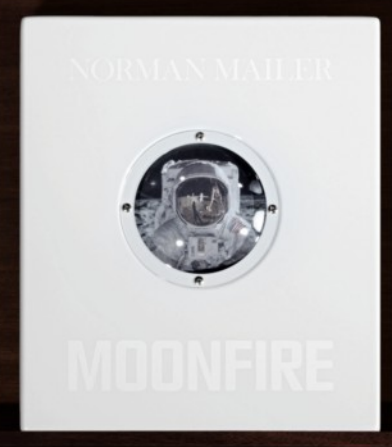


Naomi Harris: The secret life of America's Bible Belt



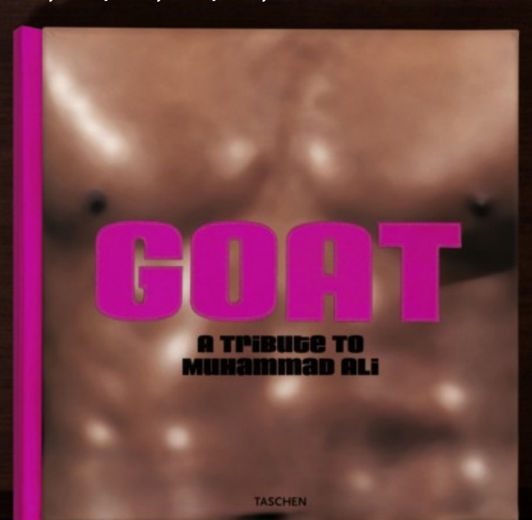
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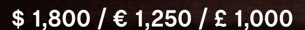
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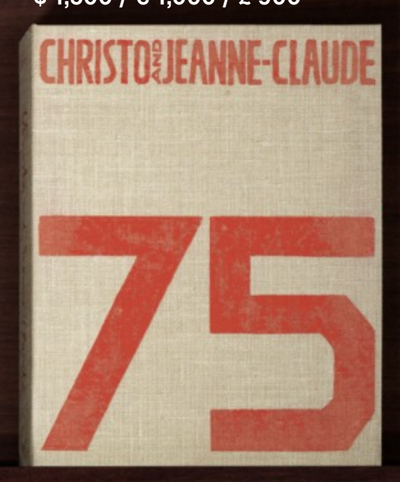
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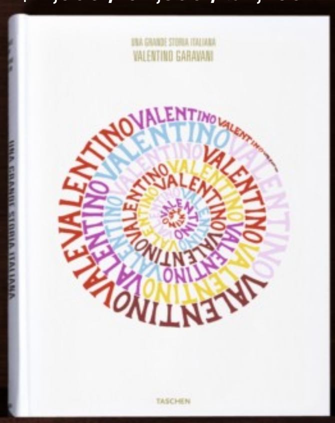


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ANDO	$ 3,000 (300%)	2010	$ 1,000	Art Ed. of 300

Since the TASCHEN adventure began in 1980, it has been our goal to make the greatest books in the world. Whatever the subject and whatever the retail price—from $10 to $10,000—we strive to produce, design, and package each of our books beautifully, with a great deal of care and attention to detail. The collectors who buy a limited edition book early on will have, in addition to a rare and exceptional book, the added benefit of seeing their asset appreciate; our collector's editions have been known to have their value multiply, in some cases reaching ten times their original price. Here are a few examples:



2008	2007	2009	2009	2010	2010	2010	2011
$ 1,000	$ 5,000	$ 1,800	$ 700	$ 850	$ 4,500	$ 500	$ 2,500
Ed. of 1,500	Art Ed. of 125	Art Ed. of 100	Ed. of 1,000	Art Ed. of 500	Art Ed. of 100	Ed. of 1,500	Art Ed. of 250


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